Love lies a Bleeding.

Acted at the { *Globe*, and *Blackfriers*, }

The Authors being { *Francis Beaumont* and *John Fletcher*, } Gent.

The fifth Impression.

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The strange discovery.
Mad Tragedy.
King and no King.
Othello the Moor of *Venice*.
The grateful servant.
Henry the fourth.
Tragedy of *Hoffman*.

THE STATIONER

To the understanding

GENTRY.

THis Play so affectionately taken, and approved by the seeing Auditors, or Hearing Spectators (of which sort I take or conceive you to be the greatest part) hath received (as appears by the copious vent of four Editions, no less acceptance with improvement of you, likewise the Readers; albeit the first Impression swarm'd with errours, proving it selfe, like pure Gold, which the more it hath been tryed and refined, the better is esteemed; the best Poems of this kind in the first presentation, resembling that all tempting Minerall newly digged up, the Actors being onely the labouring Miners, but you the skilfull Triers and Refiners: Now consider how currant this hath passed under the infallible stamp of your judicious censure, and applause, and (like a gainfull Office in this age) eagerly sought for, not onely by those that have seen it, but by others that have meerly heard thereof: here you behold me acting the Merchant-adventures part, yet as well for their satisfaction as mine own benefit, and if my hopes (which I hope shall never lie like the Lover a Blocking,) do safely arrive at their intended Haven, I shall then be ready to hoist a new Bottome, set forth again, to gain the good will both of you and them. To whom respectively I commend this hearty greeting: Adieu.

The Scene being in *Cicelie.*

The persons presented are these, viz.

THe *King.*
PHILASTER, Heir to the Crown.
PHARAMOND, Prince of *Spaine.* DION, a Lord.
CLEREMONT } Noble Gentlemen his Associates.
THRASILINE }
ARETHUSA, the Kings daughter.
GALATEA, a wise modest Lady atten ling the Princesse.
MEGRA, a lascivious Lady.
And old wanton Lady, or croan.
Another Lady attending the Princesse.
EUFRASIA, Daughter of *Dion*, but disguised like a Page, and called *Bellario*,
An old Captain. Five Citizens.
A Countrey fellow. Two Woodmen.
The Kings Guard and Train.

These Books are lately come forth, and are to be sold by *William Leake*, at the Crown in *Fleetstreet*, between the two Temple Gates.

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Philaster.

PHILASTER,
OR
Love lies a Bleeding.

Actus 1. *Scena* 1.

Enter *Dion*, *Clermont*, and *Thrasiline*.

Clermont.

HEre's not Lords, nor Ladies.

Dion. Credit me Gentlemen, I wonder at it. They receiv'd strict charge from the King to attend here: Besides it was boldly published, that no Officer should forbid any Gentlemen that desire to attend and hear.

Cle. Can you ghesse the cause?

Di. Sir, it is plain about the Spanish Prince, that's come to marry our Kingdoms Heir, and be our Soveraign.

Tra. Many (that will seem to know much) say, she looks not on him like a maid in love.

Di. O sir, the multitude (that seldom know any thing but their own opinions) speak that they would have; but the Prince, before his own approach, receiv'd so many confident messages from the State, that I think she's resolv'd to be rul'd.

Cle. Sir, it is thought, with her he shall enjoy both these Kingdoms of *Cicilie* and *Calabria*.

Dion. Sir, it is (without controversie) so meant. But 'twill be a troublesome labour for him to enjoy both these Kingdoms, with safetie, the right Heir to one of them living, and living so vertuously; especially the people admiring the bravery of his mind, and lamenting his injuries. *Cle*. Who, *Philaster*?

Di. Yes whose Father we all know, was by our late King of *Calabria*, unrighteously deposed from his fruitfull *Cicilie*. My self drew some blood in those warres, which I would give my hand to be washed from.

Cle. Sir, my ignorance in State-policie, will not let me know, why *Philaster* (being Heir to one of these Kingdoms) the King should suffer him to walk abroad with such free liberties.

Di. Sir, it seems your nature is more constant than to enquire after State newes. But the King (of late) made a hazard of both the Kingdoms, of *Cicilie* and his own, with offering but to imprison

Philaster. At which the City was in arms, not to be charm'd down by any State-order or Proclamation, till they saw *Philaster* ride through the streets pleas'd, and without a guard; at which they threw their Hats, and their arms from them; some to make bonfires, some to drink, all for his deliverance. Which (wise men say) is the cause, the King labours to bring in the power of a forraign Nation, to aw his own with.

Enter *Gallatea*, *Megra*, and a Lady.

Tri. See, the Ladyes, what's the first?

Dio. A wise & modest Gentlewoman that attends the Princess.

Cle. The second?

Dio. She is one that may stand still discreetly enough, and ill favour'dly Dance her Measure; simper when she is Courted by her Friend, and slight her Husband. *Cle.* The last?

Di. Marry I think she is one whom the State keeps for the Agents of our confederate Princes: she'll cog, & lie with a whole Army, before the league shall break: her name is common through the Kingdome, and the Trophies of her dishonour, advanced beyond *Hercules* pillars. She loves to try the several constitutions of mens bodies; and indeed has destroyed the worth of her own body, by making experiment upon it, for the good of the Common-wealth.

Cle. She's a profitable member.

La. Peace, if you love me: you shall see these Gentlemen stand their ground, and not Court us.

Gal. What if they should? *Meg.* What if they should?

La. Nay, let her alone; what if they should? why, if they should, I say, they were never abroad: what Forraigner would do so? it writes them directly untravel'd.

Gal. Why, what if they be? *Meg.* What if they be?

La. Good Madam let her go on; what if they be? Why if they be I will justifie, they cannot maintain discourse with a judicious Lady, nor make a Leg, nor say excuse me.

Gal. Ha, ha, ha. *La.* Do you laugh Madam?

Di. Your desires upon you Ladies: *L.* Then you must sit beside us.

Di. I shall sit neer you then Lady.

La. Neer me perhaps: But there's a Lady indures no stranger, and to me you appear a very strange fellow.

Meg. Me thinks he's not so strange, he would quickly be acquainted. *Tra.* Peace the King.

Enter *King*, *Pharamond*, *Arethusa*, and train.

King. To give a stranger testimony of love,

Then

Then fickly promiſes (which commonly
In Princes find both birth and burial)
In one breath, we have drawn you worthy ſir,
To make your fair indearments to your daughter,
And worthy ſervices known to our ſubjects,
Now lov'd and wondred at. Next, our intent,
To plant you deeply, our immediate Heir,
Both to our Blood and Kingdoms. For this Lady,
(The beſt part of your life, as you confirm me,
And I believe) though her few years and ſex
Yet teach her nothing but her fears and bluſhes,
Deſires without deſire, diſcourſe and knowledge,
Only of what her ſelf is to her ſelf,
Make her feel moderate health: and when ſhe ſleeps,
I making no ill day, knows no ill dreams.
Think not (dear ſir) theſe undivided parts,
That muſt mould up a Virgin, are put on
To ſhew her ſo, as borrowed ornaments,
To ſpeak her perfect love to you, or add
An Artificial ſhadow to her nature:
No ſir; I boldly dare proclaim her, yet
No Woman. But woo her ſtill, and think her modeſty,
A ſweeter miſtreſs then the offer'd Language
Of any Dame, were ſhe a Queen whoſe eye
Speaks common loves and comforts to her ſervants.
Laſt, noble ſon, (for ſo I now muſt call you)
What I have done thus publike, is not only
To add a comfort in particular
To you or me, but all; and to confirm
The Nobles, and the Gentry of theſe Kingdomes,
By oath to your ſucceſſion, which ſhall be
Within this moneth at moſt. *Tra.* This will be hardly done.

Cle. It muſt be ill done, if is be done.

Di. When tis at beſt, twill be but half done,
Whilſt ſo brave a Gentleman's wrong'd and flung off.

Tra. I fear. *Cle.* Who does not?

D. I fear not for my ſelf, and yet I fear too:
Well, we ſhall ſee, we ſhall ſee: no more.

Pha. Kiſſing your white hand (miſtreſs) I take leave,
To thank your royal father: and this far,

To be my owne free Trumpet. Vnderſtand
Great King, and theſe your ſubjects mine that muſt be,
(For ſo deſerving you have ſpoke me ſir,
And ſo deſerving I dare ſpeake my ſelf)
To what a perſon, of what eminence,
Ripe expectation, of what faculties,
Manners and vertues you would wed your King-doms?
You in me have your wiſhes. Oh this Countrey,
By more then all my hopes, I hold it
Happy, in their dear memories that have been
Kings great and g^od happy in yours, that is,
And from you (as a Chronicle to keepe
Your noble name from eating age) do I,
Open my ſelf moſt happy. Gentlemen,
Beleeve me in a word, a Princes word,
There ſhall be nothing to make up a Kingdome
Mighty, and flouriſhing, defenced, fear'd,
Equall to be commanded and obey'd,
But through the travels of my life Ile finde it,
And tye it to this Countrey. And I vow
My reigne ſhall be ſo eaſie to the ſubject,
That every man ſhall be his prince himſelf,
And his owne law (yet I his Prince and law)
And deareſt Lady, to your deareſt ſelf
(Deare, in the choiſe of him, whoſe name and luſtre
Muſt make you more and mightier) let me ſay,
You are the bleſſed'ſt living; for ſweet Princeſſe,
You ſhall enjoy a man of men, to be
Your ſervant; you ſhall make him yours, for whom
Great Queens muſt die. *Tra.* Miraculous.

Cle. This ſpeech calls him *Spaniard*, being nothing but
A large inventoy of his owne commendations.

Enter *Philaſter*.

Di. I wonder what's his price? For certainly he'll tell himſelf he has ſo prais'd his ſhape. But here comes one, more worthy thoſe large ſpeeches, then the large ſpeaker of them? let me be ſwallowed quick, if I can find, in all the Anatomy of yon mans vertues, one ſinew ſound enough to promiſe for him, he ſhall be Conſtable. By this Sun, he'll nere make King, unleſſe it be for trifles, in my poor judgment.

Phi. Right noble Sir, as low as my obedience,
And with a heart as loyal as my knee,
I beg your favour.
K. Riſe, you have it Sir.
Di. Mark but the King how pale he looks with fear.
Oh, this ſame whorſon Conſcience, how it jades us!
K. Speak your intents ſir. *Phi.* Shall I ſpeak um freely?
Be ſtill my Royal Soveraign. *K.* As a ſubject.
We give you freedom. *Di.* Now it heats.
Phi. Then thus I turn
My language to you Prince, you foraign man,
Ne're ſtare nor put on wonder, for you muſt
Indure me, and you ſhall. This earth you tread upon
(A dowry as you hope with this fair Princeſs,
Whoſe memory I bow to) was not left
By my dead Father (Oh, I had a Father)
To your inheritance, and I up and living,
Having my ſelf about me and my ſword,
The ſouls of all my name, and memories,
Theſe arms and ſome few friends, beſide the gods,
To part ſo calmly with it, and ſit ſtill,
And ſay I might have been! I tell thee *Pharamond*,
When thou art King, look I be dead and rotten,
And my name aſhes; For, hear me *Pharamond*,
This very ground thou goeſt on, this fat earth,
My Fathers friends made fertile with their faiths,
Before that day of ſhame, ſhall gape and ſwallow
Thee and thy Nation, like a hungry grave,
Into her hidden bowels: Prince, it ſhall,
By *Nemeſis* it ſhall. *Pha.* He's mad beyond cure, mad.
Di. Here's a fellow has ſome fire in's veins:
The outlandiſh Prince looks like a tooth-drawer.
Phi. Sir, Prince of Popping jayes, Ile make it well appear
To you I am not mad. *K.* You diſpleaſe us.
You are too bold. *Phi.* No ſir, I am too tame,
Too much a Turtle, a thing born without paſſion,
A faint ſhadow, that every drunken cloud falls over,
And makes nothing. *K.* I do not fancy this,
Call our Phyſitions: ſure, he is ſomewhat tainted.

Tra.

Tra. I do not think twill prove ſo.
Di. Has given him a general purge already, for all the right he has, and now he means to let him blood: Be conſtant Gentlemen; by theſe hilts I'le run his hazard, although I run my name out of the Kindome. *Cle.* Peace, we are one ſoul.
Pha. What you have ſeen in me; to ſtir offence,
I cannot find, unleſſe it be this Lady
Offer'd into mine arms, with the ſucceſſion,
Which I muſt keep though it hath pleaſ'd your fury
To mutiny within you; without diſputing
Your *Genealogies*, or taking knowledge
Whoſe branch you are. The King will leave it me;
And I dare make it mine; you have your anſwer.
Phi. If thou wert ſole inheritor to him,
That made the world his; and couldſt ſee no ſun
Shine upon any but thine: were *Pharamond*
As truly valiant, as I feel him cold,
And ring'd among the choiceſt of his friends,
Such as would bluſh to talk ſuch ſerious follies,
Or back ſuch bellied commendations.
And from this preſent, ſpight of all theſe bugs,
You ſhould hear further from me. *K.* Sir, you wrong the Prince:
I gave you not this freedom to brave out beſt friends,
You deſerve our frown: Go to, be better temper'd.
Phi. It muſt be ſir, when I am nobler us'd. *Gal.* Ladyes,
This would have been a pattern of ſucceſſion,
Had he ne're met this miſchief. By my life,
He is the worthieſt the true name of man
This day within my knowledge.
Meg. I cannot tell what you may call your knowſledge,
But the oher it the man ſet in mine eye;
Oh! 'tis a Prince of wax. *Gal.* A dog it is. *K. Philaſter*, tell me,
The injuries you aim at in your riddles.
Phi. If you had my eyes ſir, and ſufferance,
My griefs upon you and my broken fortunes,
My want's great, and now naught but hopes and fears,
My wrongs would make ill riddles to be laught at.
Dare you be ſtill my King and right me not?
K. Give me your wrongs in private. *They whiſper,*
Phi. Take them, and eaſe me of a load would bow ſtrong *Atlas.*

Cle.

Cle. He dares not ſtand the ſhock.

Di. I cannot blame him, there's danger in't. Every man in this age, has not a ſoul of Chriſtall for all men to read their actions through: mens hearts and faces are ſo far aſunder, that they hold no intelligence. Do but view yon ſtranger well, and you ſhall ſee a feaver through all his bravery, and feel him ſhake like a true tenant; if he give not back his Crown again, upon the report of an Elder Gun, I have no augury. *K.* Go to:
Be more your ſelf, as you reſpect our favour:
Yon'l ſtir us elſe: Sir, I muſt have you know
That y'are and ſhall be at our pleaſure, what faſhion we
Will put upon you: ſmooth your brow, or by the gods.

Phi. I am dead ſir, y'are my fate: it was not I
Said I was not wrong'd: I carry all about me,
My weak ſtars led me to all my weak fortunes.
Who dares in all this preſence ſpeak (that is
But man of fleſh and may be mortal) tell me
I do not moſt intirely love this Prince,
And honour his full vertues! *K.* Sure hee's poſſeſt,

Phi. Yes, with my fathers ſpirit: It's here, O King!
A dangerous ſpirit; now he tels me King,
I was a Kings heir, bids me be a King,
And whiſpers to me, theſe be all my Subjects.
'Tis ſtrange, he will not let me ſleep, but dives
Into my fancy, and there gives me ſhapes
That kneel, and do me ſervice, cry me King:
But I'le ſuppreſs him, he's a factious ſpirit,
And will undo me: noble ſir, your hand, I am your ſervant.

K. Away, I do not like this:
I'le make you tamer, or I'le diſpoſſeſs you
Both of life and ſpirit: For this time
I pardon your wild ſpeech, without ſo much
As your impriſonment.

Exit *K. Pha. Art.*

Di. I thank you ſir, you dare not for the people.

Gal. Ladies, what think you now of this brave fellow?

Meg. A pretty talking fellow, hot at hand; but eye yon ſtranger, is not he a fine compleat Gentleman? O theſe ſtrangers, I do affect them ſtrangely: they do the rareſt home things, and pleaſe the fulleſt! as I live, could love all the Nation over and over for his ſake.

Gal.

Gal. Pride comfort your poor head-piece Lady: tis a weak one, and had need of a night cap.

Di. See how his fancy labours, has he not spoke
Home, and bravely? what a dangerous train
Did he give fire to (How he shooke the King,
Made his soul melt within him, and his blood,
Run into whay! it stood upon his brow,
Like a cold winter dew. *Phi.* Gentleman,
You have no suit to me? I am no minion:
You stand (me thinks) like men that would be Courtiers,
If you could well be flatter'd at a price,
Not to undoe your children: y'are all honest:
Goe get you home againe, and make your Countrey
A vertuous Court, to which your great Ones may,
In their diseased age, retire, and live recluse.

Cle. How do you worthy sir? *Phi.* Well, very well;
And so well, that if the King please, I finde
I may live many yeares;

Di. The King must please,
Whilst wee know what you are, and who you are,
Your wrongs and injuries: shrinke not, worthy sir,
But adde your Father to you: in whose name,
Wee'll waken all the gods, and conjure up
The rods of vengeance, the abused people,
Who like to raging torrents shall swel high,
And so begirt the dens of these Male-dragons,
That through the strongest safety, they shall beg
For mercy at your swords point. *Phi.* Freinds, no more,
Our yeares may be corrupted: Tis an age
We dare not trust our wills to: do you love me?

Tra. Do we love heaven and honour?

Phi. My Lord *Dion*, you had
A vertuous Gentlewoman, cal'd you father;
Is she yet alive? *Di.* Most honor'd sir, she is:
And for the penance but of an idle dream,
Has undertooke a tedious Pilgrimage.

Enter a *Lady*.

Phi. Is it to me, or any of these Gentlemen you come?

La. To you, brave Lord: the Princess would intreat
Your present company.

Phi. The Princesse send for me! y'are mistaken.

La.

La. If you be cal'd *Philaſter*, 'tis to you.
Phi. Kiſſe her hand, and ſay I will attend her.
Di. Do you know what you do? *Phi.* Yes, go to ſee a woman.
Cle. But do you weigh the danger you are in?
Phi. Danger in a ſweet face?
By *Jupiter* I muſt not fear a woman.
Tra. But are you ſure it was the Princeſs ſent?
It may be ſome foul train to catch your life.
Phi. I do not think it Gentlemen: ſhe's noble,
Her eye may ſhoot me dead, or thoſe true red
And white friends in her face may ſteal my ſoul out:
There's all the danger in't: but be what may, *Exit. Phil.*
Her ſingle name hath arm'd me. *Di.* Go on:
And be as truly happy, as thou art fearleſs:
Come Gentlemen, lets make our friends acquainted,
Leaſt the King prove falſe. *Exit Gentlemen.*

Enter Arethuſa *and a Lady.*

Are. Comes he not? *La.* Madam?
Are. Will *Philaſter* come? *La.* Dear Madam, you were wont
To credit me at firſt.
Are. But didſt thou tell me ſo?
I am forgetful, and my womans ſtrength
Is ſo orecharg'd with dangers like to grow
About my marriage, that theſe under-things
Dare not abide in ſuch a troubled ſea:
How look't he, when he told thee he would come?
La. Why, well. *Are.* And not a little fearful?
La. Fear Madam? ſure he knows not what it is:
Are. You are all of his Faction; the whole Court
Is bold in praiſe of him, whilſt I
May live neglected: and do noble things,
As fools in ſtrife throw gold into the Sea,
Drown'd in the doing: but I know he fears.
La. Fear? Madam (me thought) his looks hid more
Of love than fear.
Are. Of love? To whom? to you?
Did you deliver thoſe plain words I ſent,
With ſuch a winning geſture, and quick look
That you have caught him?
La. Madam, I mean to you.

Are. Of love to me? Alas, thy ignorance
Lets thee not ſee the croſſes of our births:
Nature, that loves not to be queſtioned
Why ſhe did this, or that, but has her ends,
And knows ſhe does well; never gave the world
Two things ſo oppoſite, ſo contrary,
As he and I am: If a bowle of blood
Drawn from this arm of mine, would poyſon thee,
A draught of his would cure thee. Of love to me?
La. Madam, I think I hear him.
Are. Bring him in:
You Gods that would not have your dooms withſtood,
Whoſe holy wiſdomes at this time it is,
To make the paſſion of a feeble maid,
The way unto your juſtice, I obey. *Enter* Phi.
La. Here is my Lord *Philaſter*. *Are.* Oh 'tis well:
Withdraw your ſelf. *Phi.* Madam, your meſſenger
Made me believe, you wiſh'd to ſpeak with me.
Are. 'Tis true *Philaſter*, but the words are ſuch,
I have to ſay, and do ill beſeem
The mouth of woman, that I wiſh them ſaid,
And yet am loth to ſpeak them. Have you known
That I have ought detracted from your worth?
Have I in perſon wrong'd you? or have ſet
My baſer inſtruments to throw diſgrace
Upon your vertues? *Phi.* Never Madam you.
Are. Why then ſhould you in ſuch a publique place
Injure a Princeſſe and a ſcandal lay
Upon my fortunes, fam'd to be ſo great:
Calling a great part of my dowry in queſtion:
Phi. Madam, this truth which I ſhall ſpeak, will be
Fooliſh: but for your fair and vertuous ſelf,
I could afford my ſelf to have no right
To any thing you wiſh'd. *Are. Philaſter*, know
I muſt enjoy theſe Kingdoms. *Phi.* Madam, both?
Are. Both, or I die: by *Fate* I die *Philaſter*.
If I not calmlie may enjoy them both.
Phi. I would do much to ſave that noble life:
Yet would be loth to have poſteritie
Find in our ſtories, that *Philaſter* gave

His

His right unto a Scepter, and a Crown,
To ſave a Ladies longing. *Are.* Nay then hear:
I muſt, and will have them, and more. *Phi.* What more?
Are. Or loſe that little life the gods prepared,
To trouble this poor piece of earth withall.
Phi. Madam, what more? *Are.* Turn then away thy face.
Phi. No. *Are.* Do.
Phi. I cannot endure it: turn away my face?
I never yet ſaw enemy that lookt
So dreadfully, but that I thought my ſelf
As great a Baſilisk as he; or ſpake
So horribly, but that I thought my tongue
Bore thunder underneath, as much as his:
Nor beaſt that I could turn from: ſhall I then
Begin to fear ſweet ſounds? a Ladies voice,
Whom I do love? Say you would have my life,
Why, I will give it you; for it is of me
A thing ſo loath'd, and unto you that ask,
Of ſo poor uſe, that I ſhall make no price
If you intreat, I will unmov'dly hear.
Are. Yet for my ſake a little bend thy looks. *Phi.* I do.
Are. Then know I muſt have them and thee. *Phi.* And me?
Are. Thy love: without which, all the Land
Diſcovered yet, will ſerve me for no uſe,
But to be buried in. *Phi.* Iſt poſſible?
Are. With it, it were too little to beſtow
On thee: Now, though thy breath doth ſtrike me dead
(Which know it may) I have unript my breaſt.
Phi. Madam, you are too full of noble thoughts,
To lay a train for this contemned life,
Which you may have for asking: to ſuſpect
Were baſe, where I deſerve no ill: love you!
By all my hopes I do, above my life:
But how this paſſion ſhould proceed from you
So violently, would amaze a man, that would be jealous.
Are. Another ſoul into my body ſhot,
Could not hav fil'd me with more ſtrength and ſpirit,
Then this thy breath: but ſpend not haſty time,
In ſeeking how I came thus: 'tis the gods,
The gods, that make me ſo; and ſure our love

Will be the nobler, and the better bleſt,
In that the ſecret juſtice of the gods
Is mingled with it. Let us leave and kiſſe,
Leſt ſome unwelcome gueſt ſhould fall betwixt us,
And we ſhould part without it. *Phil.* 'Twill be ill
I ſhould abide here long. *Are.* 'Tis true and worſe,
You ſhould come often: How ſhall we deviſe
To hold intelligence? That our true lovers,
On any new occaſion may agree, what path is beſt to tread?
Phi. I have a boy ſent by the gods, I hope to this intent,
Not yet ſeen in the Court, hunting the Buck,
I found him ſitting by a Fountains ſide,
Of which he borrowed ſome to quench his thirſt,
And paid the Nymph again as much in tears;
A Garland lay him by, made by himſelf,
Of many ſeverall flowers, bred in the bay,
Stuck in that mixtick order, that the rareneſs
Delighted me: but ever when he turned
His tender eyes upon um, he would weep,
As if he meant to make um grow again.
Seeing ſuch pretty helpleſs innocence
Dwell in his face, I ask'd him all his ſtory;
He told me that his Parents gentle dyed,
Leaving him to the mercy of the fields,
Which gave him roots; and of the Chryſtall ſprings,
Which did not ſtop their courſes; and the Sun,
Which ſtill, he thank'd him, yielded him his light.
Then took he up his Garland, and did ſhew,
What every flower as Countrey people hold,
Did ſignifie: and how all ordered thus,
Expreſt his grief: and to my thoughts did read
The prettieſt lecture of his Countrey Art
That could be wiſht: ſo that, me thought, I could
Have ſtudied it. I gladly entertain'd him,
Who was glad to follow; and have got
The trulieſt, loving'ſt, and the gentleſt boy,
That ever Maſter kept: Him will I ſend
To wait on you, and bear our hidden love.

Enter *Lady*.

Are. 'Tis well, no more.

La. Madam, the Prince is come to do his ſervice.

Are. What will you do *Philaſter* with your ſelf?

Phi. Why, that which all the gods have appointed out for me.

Are. Dear, hide thy ſelf: Bring in the Prince.

Phi. Hide me from *Pharamond*!
When thunder ſpeaks, which is the voice of *Jove*,
Though I do reve ence, yet I hide me not;
And ſhall a ſtranger Prince have leave to brag
Unto a forraign Nation, that he made *Philaſter* hide himſelf?

Are. He cannot know it.

Phi. Though it ſhould ſleep for ever to the world,
It is a ſimple ſin to hide my ſelf,
Which will for ever on my conſcience lie.

Are. Then good *Philaſter*, give him ſcope and way
In what he ſayes: for he is apt to ſpeak,
What you are loth to hear: for my ſake do. *Phi.* I will.

Enter *Pharamond*.

Pha. My Princely Miſtreſs, as true lovers ought,
I come to kiſs theſe fair hands; and to ſhew
In outward ceremonies, the dear love
Writ in my heart. *Phi.* If I ſhall have an anſwer no directlier,
I am gone. *Pha.* To what would he have an anſwer?

Are. To his claim unto the Kingdom.

Pha. Sirra, I forbear you before the King.

Phi. Good ſir, do ſo ſtill, I would not talk with you.

Pha. But now the time is fitter, do but offer
To make mention of right to any Kingdom,
Though it be ſcarce habitable. *Phi.* Good ſir let me go.

Pha. And by my ſword. *Phi.* Peace *Pharamond*: if thou——

Are. Leave us *Philaſter*. *Phi.* I have done.

Pha. You are gone: by heaven I'le fetch you back.

Phi. You ſhall not need. *Pha.* What now?

Phi. Know *Pharamond*,
I loath to brawl with ſuch a blaſt as thou,
Who art nought but a valiant voice: But if
Thou ſhalt provoke me further: men ſhall ſay
Thou wert, and not lament it.

Pha. Do you ſlight
My greatneſs ſo, and in the Chamber of the Princeſs?

Phi. It is a place to which I muſt confeſs

I owe a reverence: but were the Church,
I at the Altar ther's no place so safe,
Where thou dar'st injure me, but I dare kill thee:
And for your greatness; know sir, I can graspe
You, and your greatness thus, thus into nothing:
Give not a word, not a word back: Farewell. *Exit.* Phi.
Pha. 'Tis an odd fellow Madam, we must stop
His mouth with some Office, when we are married.
Are. You were best make him your Controuler.
Pha. I think he would discharge it well. But Madam,
I hope our hearts are knit; and yet so slow
The Ceremonies of State are, that twill be long
Before our hands be so: If then you please,
Being agreed in heart, let us not wait
For dreaming for me, but take a little stolne
Delights, and so prevent our joyes to come:
Are. If you dare speak such thoughts,
I must withdraw in honour. *Exit* Are.
Pha. The constitution of my body will never hold out till the wedding; I must seek elsewhere. *Exit.* Pha.

Act. 2: Scæna 1.

Enter *Philaster* and *Bellario.*

Phi. And thou shalt find her honourable boy,
Full of regard unto thy tender youth,
For thine own modesty; and for my sake,
Apter to give, then thou wilt be to ask, I, or deserve.
Bell. Sir, you did take me up when I was nothing;
And only yet am something, by being yours;
You trusted me unknown, and that which you were apt,
To conster a simple innocence in me,
Perhaps, might have been craft; the cunning of a boy
Hardened in lies and theft; yet ventur'd you,
To part my miseries and me; for which,
I never can expect to serve a Lady
That bears more honour in her breast than you.
Phi. But boy, it will preferre thee; thou art young,
And beareſt a childish overflowing love
To them that clap thy cheeks, and speak thee fair yet,

But

But when thy judgement comes to rule those passions,
Thou wilt remember best those careful friends
That plac'd thee in the noblest way of life;
She is a Princesse I prefer thee to.

Bel. I that small time that I have seen the world,
I never knew a man hasty to part
With a servant he thought trusty; I remember
My Father would prefer the boyes he kept
To greater men then he but did it not,
Till they were grown too sawcy for himself.

Phi. Why gentle boy, I find no fault at all in thy behaviour,

Bel. Sir, if I have made
A fault of ignorance, instruct my youth;
I shall be willing, if not apt to learn;
Age and experience will adorn my mind
With larger knowledge: And if I have done
A wilfull fault, think me not past all hope
For once; what Master holds so strict a hand
Over his boy, that he will part with him
Without one warning? Let me be corrected
To break my stubbornness if it be so,
Rather than turn me off, and I shall mend.

Phi. Thy love doth plead so prettily to stay,
That (trust me) I could weep to part with thee.
Alas, I do not turn thee off; thou knowest
It is my business that doth call thee hence,
And when thou art with her thou dwel'st with me:
Think so, and 'tis so; and when time is full,
That thou hast well discharg'd this heavy trust,
Laid on so weak a one, I will again
With joy receive thee; as I live, I will;
Nay, weep not, gentle boy; 'Tis more than time
Thou didst attend the Princesse. *Bell.* I am gone;
But since I am to part with you my Lord,
And none knows whether I shall live to do
More service for you; take this little prayer;
Heaven bless your loves, your fights, all your designes.
May sick men, if they have your wish, be well;
And heaven hate those you curse, though I be one. *Exit.*

Phi. The love of boyes unto their Lords is strange,

I have read wonders of it, yet this boy
For my ſake (if a man may judge by looks,
And ſpeech) would outdo ſtory. I may ſee
A day to pay him for his loyaltie. *Exit.* Phi.

Enter *Pharamond.*

Pha. Why ſhould theſe Ladies ſtay ſo long? They muſt come this way; I know the Queen imployes um not, for the reverend Mother ſent me word they would all be for the garden. If they ſhould all prove honeſt now, *I* were in a fair taking; *I* was never ſo long without ſport in my life, and in my conſcience 'tis not my fault: Oh, for our country Ladies! Here's one boulted, I'le hound at her. Enter *Galatea.* *Gal.* Your Grace!

Pha. Shall *I* not be a trouble? *Gal.* Not to me ſir.

Pha. Nay, nay, you are too quick; by this ſweet hand.

Gal. You'l be forſworn ſir, 'tis but an old glove. *If* you will talk at diſtance, *I* am for you: but good Prince, be not bawdy, nor do not brag; theſe two *I* bar, and then *I* think, *I* ſhall have ſence enough to anſwer all the weighty *Apothegmes* your royal blood ſhall manage. *Pha.* Dear Lady, can you love?

Gal. Dear Prince, how dear! *I* ne're coſt you a Coach yet, nor put you to the dear repentance of a banquet; Here's no Scarlet ſir, to bluſh the ſin out it was given for: This wier mine own hair covers: and this face has been ſo far from being dear to any, that it nere coſt penny painting: And for the reſt of my poor Wardrop, ſuch as you ſee, it leaves no hand behind it, to make the jealous Mercers wife curſe our good doings.

Pha. You miſtake me Lady.

Pha. Lord, *I* do ſo; would you or *I* could help it.

Pha. Do Ladies of this Countrey uſe to give no more reſpect to men of my full being?

Gal. Full being! *I* underſtand you not, unleſs your grace means growing to fatneſs; and then your only remedy (upon my knowledge, Prince) is in a morning a cup of neat White wine brew'd with *Carduus*, then faſt till ſupper, about eight you may eat; uſe exerciſe, and keep a Sparrow-hawk, you can ſhoot in a Tiller: But of all, your Grace muſt flie *Phlebotomie*, freſh Pork, Conger, and clarified whay; They are all dullers of the vital ſpirits.

Pha. Lady, you talk of nothing all this while.

Gal. 'Tis very true ſir, *I* talk of you.

Pha. This is a crafty wench, *I* like her wit well, 'twill be rare to ſtir

ſtirre up a leaden appetite, ſhe's a *Danae*, and muſt be courted in a ſhowre of gold. Madam; look here, all theſe, and more, than —

Gal. What have you there, my Lord? gold? Now, as I live tis fair gold; you would have ſilver for it to play with the Pages, you could not have taken me in a worſe time; But if you have preſent uſe my Lord, I'le ſend my man with ſilver, and keep your gold for you. *Pha.* Lady, Lady.

Gal. She's coming ſir behinde, will take white money. Yet for all this I'le match yee. *Exit. Gal. behind the hangings.*

Pha. If there be but two ſuch more in this Kingdome, & neere the Court, we may even hang up our harpes: ten ſuch *Camphier* conſtitutions as this, would call the golden age again in queſtion, and teach the old way for every ill fac't husband to get his own children; and what a miſchief that will breed, let all conſider.

Enter *Megra.*

Here's another; if ſhe be of the ſame laſt, the divell ſhall pluck her on. Many faire mornings, Lady.

Meg. As many mornings bring as many dayes,
Fair, ſweet, and hopefull to your Grace.

Pha. She gives good words yet; Sure this wench is free;
If your more ſerious buſineſſe do not call you,
Let me hold quarter with you, we'll take an hour
Out quickly. *Meg.* What would your grace talk of?

Pha. Of ſome ſuch pretty ſubiect as your ſelfe.
I'le go no further than your eye, or lip,
There's theame enough for one man for an age.

Meg. Sir, they ſtand right, and my lips are yet even,
Smooth, young enough, ripe enough, red enough,
Or my glaſſe wrongs me.

Pha. O they are two twin'd cherries died in bluſhes,
Which thoſe faire ſuns above, with their bright beames
Reflect upon, and ripen: ſweeteſt beauty,
Bow down thoſe branches, that the longing taſte,
Of the faint looker on, may meet thoſe bleſſings,
And taſte and live. *Meg.* O delicate ſweet Prince,
She that hath ſnow enough about her heart,
To take the wanton ſpring of ten ſuch lines off,
May be a Nunne without probation.
Sir, you have in ſuch neat poetry, gathered a kiſſe,
That if I had but five lines of that number,

Such pretty begging blanks: I should commend
Your fore-head, or your cheeks, and kiss you too.

Pha. Do it in prose; you cannot miss it Madam.

Meg. I shall, I shall. *Pha.* By my life, you shall not.
I'le prompt you first: Can you do it now?

Meg. Me thinks tis easie, now I ha don't before;
But yet I should stick at it. *Pha.* Stick till to morrow.
I'le ne're part you sweetest. But we lose time.
Can you love me?

Meg. Love you my Lord? How would you have me love you?

Pha. I'le teach you in a short sentence, cause I will not load your memory, this is all: love me, and lie with me.

Meg. Was it lie with you that you said? Tis impossible.

Pha. Not to a willing mind, that will endeavour; If I do not teach you to do it as easily in one night, as you'l go to bed: I'le lose my royal blood for't.

Meg. Why Prince, you have a Lady of your own, that yet wants teaching.

Pha. I'le sooner teach a Mare the old measures, then teach her any thing belonging to the function; she's afraid to lie with her self, if she have but any masculine imaginations about her; I know when we are married, I must ravish her.

Meg. By my honour, that's a foul fault indeed, but time and your good help will wear it out sir.

Pha. And for any other I see, excepting your dear self, dearest Lady, I had rather be sir *Tim* the Schoolmaster, and leap a dayry Maid. *Meg.* Has your Grace seen the Court-star *Galatea*?

Pha. Out upon her; she's as cold of her favour as an apoplex; she sailed by but now. *Meg.* And how do you hold her wit sir?

Pha. I hold her wit? The strength of all the Guard cannot hold it, if they were tied to it, she would blow um out of the Kingdom, They talke of *Jupiter*, he's but a squib-cracker to her: Look well about you, and you may find a tongue-bolt. But speak sweet Lady, shall I be freely welcome? *Meg.* Whither?

Pha. To your bed; if you mistrust my faith, you do me the unnobl'st wrong. *Meg.* I dare not prince, I dare not.

Pha. Make your own conditions, my purse shall seal um, and what you dare imagine you can want, I'le furnish you withall: give two hours to your thoughts every morning about it. Come, I know you are bashful, speak in my ear, will you be mine? keep

this,

this, and with it me; ſoone I will viſit you.

Meg. My Lord, my chamber's moſt unſafe, but when tis night I'le finde ſome meanes to ſlip into your lodging: til when——

Pha. Til when, this, & my heart go with thee. *Ex. ſeveral ways.*

Enter *Galatea from behind the hangings.*

Gal. Oh thou pernicious petticote Prince; are theſe your vertues? Well, if I do not lay a traine to blow your ſport up, I am no woman; and Lady Towſabell I'le fit you for't. *Exit. Gal.*

Enter *Arethuſa and a Lady.*

Are. Where's the boy? *La.* Within Madam.

Are. Gave you him gold to buy him cloathes?

La. I did. *Are.* And has he don't?

La. Yes Madam. *Are.* Tis a pretty ſad talking boy, is it not? Asked you his name? *La* No Madam. Enter *Galatea.*

Are. O you are welcome, what good news?

Gal. As good as any one can tell your Grace,
That ſayes ſhe hath done that you would have wiſh'd

Are. Haſt thou diſcovered?

Gal. I have ſtrained a point of modeſty for you.

Are. I preethee how?

Gal. In liſtning after bawdery, I ſee, let a Lady live never ſo modeſtly, ſhe ſhall be ſure to find a lawful time, to harken after bawdery; your Prince, brave *Pharamond.* was ſo hot on't.

Are. With whom?

Gal. Why, with the Lady I ſuſpect: I can tell the time and place.

Are. O when, and where? *Gal.* To night, his Lodging.

Are. Runne thy ſelfe into the preſence, mingle there again
With other Ladies, leave the reſt to me:
If deſtiny (to whom we dare not ſay,
Why thou didſt this) have not decreed it ſo,
In laſting leaves (whoſe ſmalleſt Characters
Was never altered:) yet, this match ſhall break.
Wher's the boy; *La.* Here Madam. Enter *Bellario,*

Are. Sir, you are ſad to change your ſervice, ift not ſo?

Bel. Madam, I have not chang'd; I wait on you,
To do him ſervice. *Are.* Thou diſclaim'ſt in me;
Tell me thy name. *Bel. Bellario.*

Are. Thou canſt ſing, and play.

Bel. If greife will give me leave. Madam, I can.

Are. Alas, what kind of griefe can thy yeares know?

Hadſt thou a curſt maſter, when thou wentſt to ſchoole;
Thou art not capable of other griefe;
Thy browes and cheekes are ſmooth as waters be,
When no dreath trouble them: believe me boy,
Care ſeekes out wrinkled browes, and hollow eyes,
And builds himſelfe caves to abide in them.
Come ſir, tell me truly, does your Lord love me?
Bel. Love Madam? I know not what it is.
Are. Canſt thou know griefe, and never yet knew'ſt love?
Thou art deceiv'd boy; does he ſpeak of me
As if he wiſh'd me well? *Bel.* If it be love,
To forget all reſpect of his owne friends,
In thinking of your face? if it be love
To ſit croſſe arm'd and ſigh away the day,
Mingled with ſtarts, crying your name as loud
And haſtily, as men i'the ſtreets do fire:
If it be love to weepe himſelf away,
When he but heares of any Lady dead,
Or kil'd, becauſe it might have been your chance,
If when he goes to reſt (which will not be)
Twixt every prayer he ſayes, to name you once
As others drop a bead; be to be in love;
Then Madam, I dare ſwear he loves you.
Are. O y'are a cunning boy, and taught to lie,
For your Lords credit; but thou knoweſt, a lie
That beares this ſound, is welcomer to me,
Then any truth that ſayes he loves me not.
Lead the way Boy: Do you attend me too;
Tis thy Lords buſineſſe haſtes me thus; Away. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Dion, Cleremont, Traſilin, Megra, Galatea.*

Di. Come Ladies, ſhall we talke a round? As men
Doe walk a mile, women ſhould take an houre
After ſupper: Tis their exerciſe. *Gal.* Tis late.
Meg. Tis all,
My eyes will do to lead me to my bed.
Gal. I feare they are ſo heavy, you'le ſcarce finde
The way to your lodging with um to night.

Enter *Pharamond.*

Tra. The Prince.
Pha. Not a bed Ladies, y'are good ſitters up;

What

What think you of a pleaſant dream to laſt
Till morning?

Meg. I ſhould chooſe my Lord a pleaſing wake before it.

Enter *Arethuſa and Bellaria.*

Are. Tis well my Lord; y'are courting of Ladies.
Iſt not late Gentlemen? *Cle.* Yes Madam.

Are. Wait you there. *Exit Arethuſa.*

Meg. She's jealous, as I live; look you my Lord,
The Princeſſe has a *Hilas* an *Adonis.* *Pha.* His form is Angel-like.

Meg. VVhy this is he, muſt, when you are wed,
Sit by your pillow, like young *Apollo*, with
His hand and voyce, binding your thoughts in ſleepe;
The Princeſſe does provide him for you, and for her ſelfe.

Pha. I finde no muſique in theſe boyes. *Meg.* Nor I.
They can do little, and that ſmall they doe,
They have not wit to hide. *Di.* Serves he the Princeſſe?

Fra. Yes. *Di.* Tis a ſweet boy, how brave ſhe keeps him?

Pha. Ladies all good reſt; I mean to kill a Buck
To morrow morning, ere y'are done your dreames.

Meg. All happineſſe attend your Grace, Gentlemen good reſt,
Come ſhall we to bed? *Gal.* Yes, all good night. *Exit. Gal. Meg.*

Di. May your dreames be true to you;
What ſhall we doe Gallants, Tis late, the King
Is up ſtill, ſee, he comes, a Guard along
With him. Enter *King, Arethuſa, and Guard:*

K. Looke your intelligence be true.

Are. Upon my life it is: and I do hope,
Your highneſſe will not tye me to a man,
That in the heat of woing throwes me off,
And takes another. *Di.* What ſhould this meane?

K. If it be true,
That Lady had been better have embrac'd
Cureleſſe diſeaſes; get you to your reſt; *Ex. Are. Bel.*
You ſhall be righted; Gentlemen draw neare,
We ſhall imploy dou; Is young *Pharamond*
Come to his lodging? *Di.* I ſaw him enter there.

K. Haſte ſome of you, and cunningly diſcover,
If *Megra* be in her lodging. *Cle.* Sir,
She parted hence but now with other Ladies.

K. If ſhe be there, we ſhall not need to make

A vaine diſcovery of our ſuſpition,
You gods I ſee, that who unrighteouſly
Holds wealth or ſtate from others, ſhall be curſt,
In that, which meaner men are bleſt withall:
Ages to come ſhall know no male of him
Left no inherit, and his name ſhall be
Blotted from earth; If he have any child,
It ſhall be croſſely match'd: the gods themſelves
Shall ſow wild ſtrife betwixt her Lord and her.
Yet, if it be your wils, forgive the ſinne
I have committed, let it not fall
Upon this underſtanding child of mine
She has not broke your Lawes; but how can I,
Look to be heard of gods, that muſt be juſt?
Praying upon the ground I hold by wrong?

Enter *Dion*.

Di. Sir I have asked, and her women ſwear ſhe is within, but they I think are bawdes, I told um I muſt ſpeak with her: they laught, and ſaid their Lady lay ſpeechleſſe. I ſaid, my buſineſſe was important, they ſaid their Lady was about it: I grew hot, and cryed my buſineſſe was a matter, that concern'd life and death; they anſwered, ſo was ſleeping, at which their Lady was, I urg'd again, ſhe had ſcarce time to be ſo ſince laſt I ſaw her; they ſmil'd again, and ſeem'd to inſtruct me, that ſleeping was nothing but lying down and winking: Anſwers more direct I could not get: in ſhort ſir, I think ſhe is not there,

K. Tis then no time to dally: you o'th Guard.
Wait at the back doore of the Princes lodging,
And ſee that none paſſe thence upon your lives.
Knock Gentlemen knock loud: lowder yet:
What has their pleaſure taken off their hearing?
I'le break your meditations: knock again:
Not yet? I do not think he ſleepes; having this
Larum by him; once more. *Pharamond*, Prince.

Pharamond above.

Pha. What ſawcy groome knocks at this dead of night?
Where be our waiters? By my vexed ſoul,
He meets his death, that meets me for this boldneſſe.

K. Prince, you wrong your thoughts, we are your freinds,
Come down. *Pha.* The King? *K.* The ſame ſir, come down,

We

We have cauſe of preſent counſell with you,
Pha. If your Grace pleaſe to uſe me, I'le attend you
To your Chamber. *Pha below.*
K. No, tis too late Prince, I'le make bold with yours.
Pha. I have ſome private reaſons to my ſelfe,
Makes me unmannerly, and ſay you cannot;
Nay, preſſe not forward Gentlemen, he muſt come
Through my life, that comes here. Enter.
K. Sir, be reſolv'd I muſt and will come;
Pha. I will not be diſhonour'd;
He that enters, enters upon his death;
Sir, tis a ſigne you make no ſtranger of me,
To bring theſe renegados to my chamber,
At theſe unſeaſon'd hours. *K.* Why do you
Chaſe your ſelfe ſo? you are not wrong'd, nor ſhall be;
Onely I'le ſearch your lodging, for ſome cauſe
To our ſelfe known: Enter I ſay. *Pha.* I ſay no. *Meg. above.*
Meg. Let um enter Prince,
Let um enter, I am up, and ready; I know their buſineſſe,
Tis the poor breaking of a Ladyes honour,
They hunt ſo hotly after; let um enjoy it.
You have your buſineſſe Gentlemen, I lay here.
O my Lord the King, this is not noble in you.
To make publique the weakneſſe of a woman. *K.* Come down.
Meg. I dare my Lord; your whootings and your clamors,
Your private whiſpers, and your broad fleerings,
Can no more vex my ſoul, than this baſe carriage,
But I have vengeance yet in ſtore for ſome,
Shall in the moſt contempt you can have of me,
Be joy and nouriſhment. *K.* Will you come down?
Meg. Yes, to laugh at your worſt: but I ſhall wrong you,
If my ſkill fail me not.
K. Sir, I muſt dearly chide you for this looſeneſſe,
You have wrong'd a worthy Lady; but no more,
Conduct him to my lodging, and to bed.
Cle. Get him another wench, and you bring him to bed indeed;
Di. Tis ſtrange a man cannot ride a Stagge
Or two, to breath himſelf without a warrant;
If this geere hold, that lodgings be ſearch'd thus,
Pray heaven we may lie without our own wives in ſafety.

That

A vaine diſcovery of our ſuſpition,
You gods I ſee, that who unrighteouſly
Holds wealth or ſtate from others, ſhall be curſt,
In that, which meaner men are bleſt withall:
Ages to come ſhall know no male of him
Left no inherit, and his name ſhall be
Blotted from earth; If he have any child,
It ſhall be croſſely match'd: the gods themſelves
Shall ſow wild ſtrife betwixt her Lord and her.
Yet, if it be your wils, forgive the ſinne
I have committed, let it not fall
Upon this underſtanding child of mine
She has not broke your Lawes; but how can I,
Look to be heard of gods, that muſt be juſt?
Praying upon the ground I hold by wrong?

Enter *Dion*.

Di. Sir I have asked, and her women ſwear ſhe is within, but they I think are bawdes; I told um I muſt ſpeak with her: they laught, and ſaid their Lady lay ſpeechleſſe. I ſaid, my buſineſſe was important, they ſaid their Lady was about it: I grew hot, and cryed my buſineſſe was a matter, that concern'd life and death; they anſwered, ſo was ſleeping, as which their Lady was; I urg'd again, ſhe had ſcarce time to be ſo ſince laſt I ſaw her; they ſmil'd again, and ſeem'd to inſtruct me, that ſleeping was nothing but lying down and winking: Anſwers more direct I could not get: in ſhort ſir, I think ſhe is not there,

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Through my life, that comes here. Enter.
K. Sir, be reſolv'd I muſt and will come;
Pha. I will not be diſhonour'd;
He that enters, enters upon his death;
Sir, tis a ſigne you make no ſtranger of me,
To bring theſe renegados to my chamber,
At theſe unſeaſon'd houres. *K.* Why do you
Chafe your ſelfe ſo? you are not wrong'd, nor ſhall be;
Onely I'le ſearch your lodging, for ſome cauſe
To our ſelfe known: Enter I ſay. *Pha.* I ſay no. *Meg. above.*
Meg. Let um enter Prince,
Let um enter, I am up, and ready; I know their buſineſſe,
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But I have vengeance yet in ſtore for ſome,
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Be joy and nouriſhment. *K.* Will you come down?
Meg. Yes, to laugh at your worſts but I ſhall wrong you,
If my skill fail me not.
K. Sir, I muſt dearly chide you for this looſeneſſe,
You have wrong'd a worthy Lady; but no more,
Conduct him to my lodging, and to bed.
Cle. Get him another wench, and you bring him to bed indeed;
Di. Tis ſtrange a man cannot ride a Stagge
Or two, to breath himſelf without a warrant;
If this geere hold, that lodgings be ſearch'd thus,
Pray heaven we may lie without our own wives in ſafety;

That

That they be not by ſome trick of State miſtaken?

Enter with *Megra*.

K. Now Lady of honour, where's your honour now?
No man can fit your palat, but the Prince.
Thou moſt ill ſhrowded rottenneſſe; thou piec:
Made by a Painter and a Pothecary;
Thou troubled ſea of luſt; thou wilderneſſe,
Inhabited by wild thoughts; thou ſwolne cloud
Of Infection; thou ripe Mine of all diſeaſes;
Thou all ſinne, all hell, and laſt, all Devils, tell me,
Had you none to pull on whith your courteſies,
But he that muſt be mine, and wrong my daughter.
By all the gods, all theſe, and all the Pages,
And all the Court ſhall hoote thee through the Court,
Fling rotten Oranges, make riba'd rimes,
And ſear thy name with candles upon wals:
Do you laugh Lady *Venus*?

Meg. Faith ſir, you muſt pardon me,
I cannot chuſe but laugh to ſee you merry
If you do this, O King, nay, if you dare do it;
By all theſe gods you ſwore by, and as many
More of my owne; I will have fellowes, and ſuch
Fellowes in it, as ſhall make noble mirth;
The Princeſſe, your dear daughter, ſhall ſtand by me
On wals, and ſung in ballads, any thing:
Urge me no more, I know her, and her haunts,
Her layes, leaps, and outlayes, and will diſcover all;
Nay will diſhonour her. I know the boy
She keeps a handſome boy; about eighteene:
Know what ſhe does with him, where, and when.
Come ſir, you put me to a womans madneſſe,
The glory of a fury; and if I do not
Do it to the height?

K. What boy is this ſhe raves at?

Meg. Alas, good minded Prince, you know not theſe things? I am loth to reveal um. Keep this fault
As you would keep your health from the hot aire
Of the corrupted people, or by heaven,
I will not fall alone: what I have known,
Shall be as publique as a print: all tongues

Shall

Shall ſpeak it as they do the language they
Are borne in, as free and commonly, I'le ſet it
Like a prodigious ſtarre for all to gaze at,
And ſo high & glowing, that other Kingdomes far and forraign.
Shall read it there, nay travail with it, till they finde
No tongue to make it more, nor no more people;
And then behold the fall of your fair Princeſſe. *K.* Has ſhe a boy.

Cle. So pleaſe your Grace I have ſeene a boy waite
On her, a fair boy. *K.* Go, get you to your quarter:
For this time I'le ſtudy to forget you.

Meg. Do you ſtudy to forget me, and I'le ſtudy
To forget you *Ex. K. Meg. Guard.*

Cle. Why here's a male ſpirit for *Hercules*, if ever there be nine worthies of women, this wench ſhall ride a ſtride, and be their Captaine.

Di. Sure ſhe has a garriſon of Devils in her tongue, ſhe uttered ſuch bals of wild-fire. She has ſo netled the King, that all the Doctors in the countrey will ſcarce cure him. That boy was a ſtrange found out antidote to cure her infection: that boy, that Princeſſe boy: that brave chaſt, vertuous Ladies boy: and a faire boy, a well ſpoken boy: All theſe conſidered can make nothing elſe —— but there I leave you Gentlemen.

Tra. Nay, weele go wander with you. *Exeunt.*

Actus 3. Scæna 1.

Enter *Cle. Di Tra.*

Cle. Nay, doubtleſſe tis true, *Di.* I, and tis the gods
That rais'd this puniſhment to ſcourge the King
With his own iſſue: Is it not a ſhame
For us, that ſhould write noble in the land,
For us, that ſhould be free men, to behold
A man, that is the bravery of his age,
Philaſter: preſt down from his royall right,
By this regardleſſe King, and onely look,
And ſee the Scepter ready to be caſt
Into the hands of that laſcivious Lady,
That lives in luſt with a ſmooth boy, now to be
Married to you ſtrange Prince, who, but that people
Pleaſe to let him be a Prince, is borne a ſlave,

In that which ſhould be his moſt noble part,
His minde. *Tra.* That man that would not ſtirre with you,
To aid *Philaſter*, let the gods forget,
That ſuch a creature walkes upon the earth.

Cle. *Philaſter* is too backward in't himſelf,
The Gentry do await it, and the people
Againſt their nature are all bent for him,
And like a field of ſtanding corn, that's mov'd
With a ſtiffe gale, their heads bow all one way.

Di. The only cauſe that drawes *Philaſter* back
From this attempt, is the faire Princes love,
Which he admires and we can now confute.

Tra. Perhaps he'le not believe it.

Di. Why Gentlemen, tis without queſtion ſo.

Cle. I tis paſt ſpeech, ſhe lives diſhoneſty.
But how ſhall we, if he be curious, worke
Upon his faith. *Tra.* We all are ſatisfied within our ſelves.

Di. Since it is true, and tends to his owne good,
I'le make this new report to be my knowledge,
I'le ſay I know it, nay, I le ſweare I ſaw it.

Cle. It will be beſt. *Tra.* Twill move him. Enter *Philaſter.*

Di. Here he comes. Good morrow to your honour,
We have ſpent ſome time in ſeeking you. *Phi.* My worthy friends,
You that can keep your memories to know
Your friend in miſeries, and cannot frowne,
On men diſgrac'd for vertue: A good day
Attend you all. What ſervice may I do worthy your acceptation?

Di. My good Lord.
We come to urge that vertue which we know
Lives in your breaſt, forth, riſe and make a head,
The nobles, and the people are all dull'd
With this uſurping King, and not a man
That ever heard the word, or knew ſuch a thing
As vertue, but will ſecond your attempts.

Phi. How honourable is thy love in you.
To me that have deſerv'd none? Know my friends
(You that were borne to ſhame your poore *Philaſter*,
With too much courteſie) I could afford
To melt my ſelfe in thanks, but my deſignes
Are not yet ripe, ſufficeit, that ere long

I ſhal employ your loves : but yet the time is ſhort of what I would.
Di. The time is fuller ſir, than you expect;
That which hereafter will not perhaps be reach'd
By violence, may now be caught; As for the King,
You know the people have long hated him;
But now the Princeſſe, whom they lov'd. *Phi.* Why, what of her?
Di. Is loath'd as much as he. *Phi.* By what ſtrange means?
Di. She's known a whore. *Phi.* Thou lyeſt
Di. My Lord — *Phi.* Thou lyeſt. *Offers to draw & is held.*
And thou ſhalt feel it; I had thought thy minde
Had been of honour; thus to rob a Lady
Of her good name, is an infectious ſinne,
Not to be pardon'd, be it falſe as hell,
T'wil never be redeem'd, if it be ſowne
Amongſt the people, fruitful to increaſe
All evil they ſhall heare. Let me alone,
That I may cut off falſhood, whilſt it ſprings.
Set hills on hills betwixt me and the man
That utters this, and I will ſcale them all,
And from the utmoſt top fall on his neck,
Like thunder from a cloud. *Di.* This is moſt ſtrange;
Sure he does love her. *Phi.* I do love faire truth:
She is my miſtreſſe, and who injures her,
Drawes vengeance from me Sirs, let go my armes.
Tra. Nay, good my Lord be patient.
Cle. Sir, remember this is your honour'd friend,
That comes to do his ſervice, and will ſhew you,
Why he utter'd this. *Phi.* I ask you pardon ſir,
My zeale to truth made me unmannerly:
Should I have heard diſhonour ſpoke of you,
Behind your back untruly, I had been
As much diſtemper'd, and enrag'd as now.
Di. But this my Lord is truth.
Phi. O ſay not ſo, good ſir forbear to ſay ſo,
Tis the truth that all women-kind is falſe;
Urge it no more, it is impoſſible;
Why ſhould you think the Princeſſe light?
Di. Why, ſhe was taken at it.
Phi. Tis falſe, O heaven tis falſe: it cannot be,
Canſt? Speak Gentlemen, for love of truth ſpeak;

Is possible? can women all be damn'd? *Di.* Why no, my Lord.
Phi. Why then it cannot be. *Di.* And she was taken with her boy.
Phi. What boy? *Di.* A Page, a boy that serves her.
Phi. Oh good gods, a little boy? *Di.* I know you him my Lord.
Phi. Hell and sinne, know him? sir, you are deceiv'd;
I'le reason it a little coldly with you.
If she were lustfull, would she take a boy,
That knowes not yet desire? she would have one
Should meet her thoughts, and knowes the sin he Acts,
Which is the great delight of wickednesse;
You are abus'd, and so is she, and I. *Di.* How you, my Lord?
Phi. Why all the world's abus'd,
In an unjust report. *Di.* Oh noble sir, your vertues
Cannot look into the subtil thoughts of woman.
In short my Lord, I took them: I my self.
Phi. Now all the devils thou didst flie from my rage,
Would thou hadst tane devils ingendring plagues,
When thou didst take them, hide thee from my eyes,
Would thou hadst taken Thunder on thy breast,
When thou didst take them, or been strucken dumbe
For ever: that this foule deed might have slept in silence.
Tra. Have you known him so ill temper'd? *Cle.* Never before.
Phi. The winds that are let loose,
From the four severall corners of the earth,
And spread themselves all over sea and land,
Kisse not a chaste one. What friend beares a sword
To runne me through?
Di. Why, my Lord, are you so mov'd at this?
Phi. When any fals from vertue I am distract,
I have an interest in't.
Di. But good my Lord recall your selfe,
And thinke what's best to be done.
Phi. I thank you. I will do it;
Please you to leave me, I'le consider of it;
To morrow I will finde your lodging forth,
And give you answer.
The readiest way. *Di.* All the gods direct you.
Tra. He was extream impatient.
Cle. It was his vertue and his noble minde.
Exit Di. Cle. Tra.

Phi.

Phi. I had forgot to ask him where he took them,
I'le follow him. O that I had a ſea
Within my breſt, to quench the fire I feele;
More circumſtances will but fan this fire;
It more afflicts me now, to know by whom
This deed is done; then ſimply that tis done:
And he that tels me this is honourable,
As farre from lies, as ſhe is farre from truth.
O that like beaſts, we could not grieve our ſelves,
With that we ſee not; Buls and Rams will fight,
To keepe their females, ſtanding in their ſight;
But take um from them, and you take at once
Their ſpleenes away; and they will fal again
Unto their paſtures, growing freſh and fat,
And taſte the waters of the ſprings as ſweet,
As twas before, finding no ſtart in ſleepe
But miſerable man, See, ſee you gods, Enter *Bellario.*
He walkes ſtill; and the face you let him weare
When he was innocent, is ſtill the ſame,
Not blaſted; is this juſtice? Do you meane
To intrap mortality, that you allow
Treaſon ſo ſmooth a brow? I cannot now
Thinke he is guilty. *Bel.* Health to you my Lord,
The Princeſſe doth commend her love, her life,
And this unto you. *Phi.* Oh *Bellario*.
Now I perceive ſhe loves me, ſhe does ſhew it
In loving thee my boy, ſhe has made thee brave.
Bel. My Lord, ſhe has attir'd me paſt my wish,
Paſt my deſert, more fit for her attendant,
Though farre unfit for me, who do attend.
Phi. Thou art growne courtly boy. Oh let all women
That love black deeds, learn to diſſemble here,
Here, by this paper, ſhe does write to me,
As if her heart were mines of adamant
To all the world beſides, but unto me,
A maiden ſnow that melted with my lookes,
Tel me my boy how doth the Princeſſe uſe thee?
For I ſhall gueſſe her love to me by that?
Bel. Scarce like her ſervant, but as if I were
Something allied to her, Or had preſerv'd

Her

Her life three times by my fidelity.
As mothers fond do uſe their onely ſonnes?
As I'de uſe one, that's left unto my truſt,
For whom my life ſhould pay, if he met harme,
So ſhe does uſe me. *Phi.* Why, this is wondrous well?
But what kind language does ſhe feed thee with?
Bel. Why, ſhe does tel me, ſhe will truſt my youth
With all her loving ſecrets, and does call me
Her pretty ſervant, bids me weep no more
For leaving you: ſhee'l ſee my ſervices
Regarded, and ſuch words of that ſoft ſtraine,
That I am neerer weeping when ſhe ends
Than ere ſhe ſpake. *Phi.* This is much better ſtill.
Bel. Are you ill my Lord?
Phi. Il? No *Bellario*.
Bel. Me thinks your words
Fall not from off; your tongue ſo evenly.
Nor is there in your lookes that quietneſſe,
That I was wont to ſee *Phi.* Thou art deceiv'd boy:
And ſhe ſtrokes thy head? *Bel.* Yes.
Phi. And ſhe does clap thy cheekes?
Bel. She does my Lord,
Phi. And ſhe does kiſſe thee boy? ha; *Bel.* How my Lord
Phi. She kiſſes thee? *Bel.* Not ſo my Lord
Phi. Come, come, I know ſhe does. *Bel.* No by my life.
Phi. Why then ſhe does not love me; come, ſhe does,
I bad her do it; I charg'd her by all charmes
Of love between us, by the hope of peace
We ſhould enjoy, to yield thee all delights
Naked, as to her bed: I took her oath
Thou ſhould'ſt enjoy her: Tell me gentle boy,
Is ſhe not parallelleſſe? Is not her breath,
Sweet as *Arabian* winds, when fruits are ripe?
Are not her breaſts two liquid Ivory balls?
Is ſhe not all, a laſting Mine of joy?
Bel. I, now I ſee, why my diſturbed thoughts
Were ſo perplext. When firſt I went to her
My heart held augury; you are abus'd,
Some villain has abus'd you, I do ſee
Where to you tend; fall rocks upon his head,

That put this to you; 'tis some subtle traine,
To bring that noble frame of yours to nought.

Phi. Thou think'st I will be angry with thee, Come
Thou shalt know all my drift, I hate her more,
Than I love happinesse, and plac'd thee there,
To pry with narrow eyes into her deeds;
Hast thou discover'd, Is she false to lust,
As I would wish her? Speak some comfort to me.

Bel. My Lord, you did mistake the boy you sent:
Had she the lust of Sparrowes, or of Goates;
Had she a sin that way, hid from the world,
Beyond the name of lust, I would not aid
Her base desires; but what I came to know
As servant to her, I would not reveale, to make my life last ages.

Phi. Oh my heart; this is a salve worse than the main disease.
Tell me thy thoughts, for I will know the least
That dwels within thee, or will rip thy heart
To know it; I will see thy thoughts as plaine,
As I do now thy face. *Bell.* Why, so you do,
She is (for ought I know) by all the gods,
As chaste as Ice; but were she foule as hell
And I did know it, thus; the breath of Kings,
The points of swords, tortures, nor bulls of Brasse,
Should draw it from me. *Phi.* Then 'tis no time to dally with thee,
I will take thy life, for I do hate thee; I could curse thee now.

Bel. If you doe hate you could not curse me worse;
The gods have not a punishment in store,
Greater for me, than is your hate.

Phi. Fie, fie, so young and so dissembling;
Tell me when and where thou dist enjoy her,
Or let plagues fall on me, if I destroy thee not.

Bel. Heaven knowes I never did: and when I lie
To save my life, may I live long and loath'd.
Hew me asunder, and whilst I can think,
I'le love those peeces you have cut away,
Better than those that grow: and kisse these limbes,
Because you made um so. *Phi.* Forces thou not death?
Can Boyes contemne that? *Bell.* Oh, what boy is he,
Can be content to live to be a man
That sees the best of men thus passionate, thus without reason?

Phi.

Phi. Oh, but thou dost not know what tis to die.

Bel. Yes, I do know my Lord;
Tis lesse than to be borne, a lasting sleepe,
A quiet resting from all jealousie;
A thing we all pursue; I know besides,
It is but giving over of a game, that must be lost.

Phi. But there are paines, false boy,
For perjur'd soules, thinke but on these, and then
Thy heart will melt, and thou wilt utter all.

Bel. May they fall all upon me whilst I live,
If *I* be perjur'd or have ever thought
Of that you charge me with, if *I* be false,
Send me to suffer in those punishments you speake of; kill me.

Phi. Oh, what should *I* do?
Why, who can but belive him? He does sweare
So earnestly, that if it were not true,
The gods would not endure him. Rise *Bellario.*
Thy protestations are so deep; and thou
Dost look so truely, when thou utterst them,
That though I know um false, as were my hopes,
I cannot urge thee further; but thou wert
To blame to injure me, for I must love
Thy honest lookes, and take no revenge upon
Thy tender youth; A love from me to thee
Is fatall, what ere thou dost: It troubles me
That I have call'd the blood out of thy cheeks,
That did so well become thee: But good boy
Let me not see thee more; something is done,
That will distract me, that will make me mad,
If I behold thee: if thou tender'st me,
Let me not see thee. *Bel.* I will fly as far
As there is morning, ere I give distaste
To that most honour'd mind. But through these tears
Shed at my hopeless parting, I can see
A world of treason practis'd upon you,
And her and me: Fare wel for evermore,
If you shall hear, that sorrow struck me dead,
And after finde me loyall, let there be
A teare shed from you in my memory.
And I shall rest at peace. *Exit Bel.*

Phi.

Phi. Bleſſing be with thee,
What ever thou deſerv'ſt. Oh, where ſhall I
Go bath thy body? Nature too unkind,
That made no medicine for a troubled mind. *Ex. Phi.*

Enter *Arethuſa*

Are. I marveile my boy comes not back again,
But that I know my love will queſtion him
Over and over; how I ſlept, wak'd, talk'd,
How I remembred him when his dear name
Was laſt ſpoke, and how, when I ſigh'd, wept, ſung,
And ten thouſand ſuch: I ſhould be angry at his ſtay.

Enter *King.*

K. What are your meditations? who attends you?
Are. None but my ſingle ſelfe, I need no guard,
I do no wrong, nor fear none.
K. Tel me: have you not a boy? *Are.* Yes ſir.
K. What kind of boy? *Are.* A Page a waiting boy.
K. A handſome boy? *Are.* I think he be not ugly:
Well qualified, and dutifull, I know him,
I took him not for beauty. *K.* He ſpeakes, and ſings, and playes?
Are. Yes ſir. *K.* About eighteen?
Are. I never ask'd his age. *K.* Is he full of ſervice?
Are. By your pardon, why do you aske? *K.* Put him away.
Are. Sir. *K.* Put him away, h'as done you that good ſervice
Shames me to ſpeak of. *Are.* Good ſir let me underſtand you.
K. If you feare me, ſhew it in duty; put away that boy.
Are. Let me have reaſon for it ſir, and then
Your will is my command.
K. Do not you bluſh to aſk it? Caſt him off,
Or I ſhall do the ſame to you. Y'are one
Shame with me, and ſo near unto my ſelfe,
That by my life, I dare not tell my ſelfe,
What you, my ſelfe have done. *Are.* What have I done my Lord?
K. T'is a new language, that all love to learn,
The common people ſpeak it well already,
They need no Grammer, underſtand me well,
There be foule whiſpers ſtirring, caſt him off!
And ſuddainly do it: Farewell. *Exit King.*
Are. Where may a maiden live ſecurely free,
Keeping her honour ſafe? Not with the living,

They feed upon opinions, errours, dreames,
And make um truths; they draw a nourishment
Out of defamings' grow upon disgraces,
And when they see a vertue fortified
Strongly above the battry of their tongues;
Oh, how they cast to sink it, and defeated
(Soule sick with poyson) strike the Monuments
Where noble names lie sleeping: till they swear,
And the cold Marble melt.

Enter *Philaster*

Phi. Peace to your faireſt thoughts, deareſt Miſtreſſe.

Are. Oh my deareſt ſervant, I have a warre within me.

Phi. He muſt be more then man, that makes theſe Chriſtals
Run into rivers, ſweeteſt faire, the cauſe;
And as I am your ſlave, tied to your goodneſſe,
Your creature made again from what I was.
And newly ſpirited; He right your honours

Are. Oh, my beſt love, that boy! *Phi.* What boy?

Are. The pretty boy you gave me. *Phi.* What of him?

Are. Muſt be no more mine, *Phi.* Why?

Are. They are jealous of him, *Phi.* Jealous, who?

Are. The King. *Phi.* Oh my fortune,
Then ti's no idle jealouſie. Let him go.

Are. Oh cruell, are you hardhearted too?
Who ſhall now tell you, how much I loved you,
Who ſhall ſwear it to you, and weep the teares I ſend?
Who ſhall now b ing your letters, rings, bracelets,
Loſe his health in ſervice? Wake tedious nights
In ſtories of your praiſe? Who ſhall ſing
Your crying Elegies? And ſtrike a ſad ſoul
Into ſenſeleſſe pictures, and make them mourn?
Who ſhall take up his Lute, and touch it, till
He crowne a ſilent ſleep upon my eye-lid,
Making me dreame and cry, Oh my deare, deare *Philaſt.*

Phi. Oh my heart?
Would he had broken thee that made thee know
This Lady was not loyall, Miſtreſſe, forget
The boy, I'le get thee a far better.

Are. Oh never, never ſuch a boy again, as my *Bellario*

Bell. Tis but your fond affection.

Are.

Are. With thee my boy, farewell for ever,
All ſecrecy in ſervants: farewell faith
And all deſire to do well for it ſelfe:
Let all that ſhall ſucceed thee, for thy wrongs,
Sell, and betray chaſt love.
Phi. And all this paſſion for a boy?
Are. He was your boy, and you put him to me,
And the loſſe of ſuch muſt have a mourning for.
Phi. O thou forgetfull woman. *Are.* How, my Lord?
Phi. False *Arethuſa*!
Haſt thou a medicine to reſtore my wits,
When I have loſt um? If not, leave to talke, and do thus.
Are Do what ſir? would you ſleep?
Phi. For ever *Arethuſa*, Oh you gods,
Give me a worthy patience; Have I ſtood
Naked, alone, the ſhock of many fortunes?
Have I ſeene miſchiefs numberleſſe, and mighty
Grow like a ſea upon me? Have I taken
Danger as ſterne as death into my boſome,
And laught upon it, made it but a mirth,
And flung it by? Do I live now like him,
Under this tyrant King, that languiſhing
Heares his ſad bell, and ſees his mourners? Do I
Beare all this bravely? and muſt ſinke at length
Under a womans falſhood? Oh that boy,
That curſed boy? None but a villain boy, to eaſe your luſt?
Are. Nay, then I am betray'd,
I feel the plot caſt for my overthrow; Oh I am wretched.
Phi. Now you may take that little right I have
To this poore Kingdome, give it to your Joy,
For I have no joy in it. Some farre place,
Where never woman kind durſt ſet her foot,
For burſting with her poyſons, muſt I ſeeke,
And live to curſe you;
There dig a cave, and preach to birds and beaſts,
What woman is, and help to ſave them from you.
How heaven is in your eyes, but in your hearts,
More hell then hell has; how your toungues like Scorpions,
Both heal and poyſon; how your thoughts are woven
With thouſand changes in one ſubtle webbe,

And worne so by you. How that foolish man,
That reads the story of a womans face,
And dies he ieving it, is lost for ever.
How all the good you have, is but a shadow,
I'th morning with you, and at night behind you,
Past and forgotten. How your vowes are frosts,
Fast for a night, and with the next sun gone.
How you are, being taken altogether,
A meere confusion, and so dead a *Chaos*,
That love can not distinguish. These sad Texts
Til my last houre, I am bound to utter of you?
So farewell all my woe, all my delight. *Exit Phi.*

Are. Be mercifull ye gods, and strike me dead;
What way have I deserv'd this; Make my breſt
Transparent as pure Christall, that the world
Jealous of me, may see the foulest thought
My heart holds. Where shall a woman turn her eyes,
To finde out constancy? Save me, how black. Enter *Bell.*
And guilty (me thinkes) that boy lookes now?
Oh thou dissembler, that before thou speak'st
Wert in thy cradle false? sent to make lies,
And betray Innocents; thy Lord and thou,
May glory in the ashes of a maid
Foold by her passion; but the conquest is,
Nothing so great as wicked. Fly away,
Let my command force thee to that, which shame
Would do without it. If thou understood'st
The loathed office thou hast undergone,
Why thou wouldst hide thee under heaps of hils,
Least men should dig and finde thee. *Bel.* Oh what god
Angry with men, hath sent this strange disease
Into the noblest minds? Madam this griefe
You adde unto me is no more then drops
To seas, for which they are not seen to swell;
My Lord hath struck his anger through my heart,
And let out all the hope of future joyes,
You need not bid me fly, I came to part,
To take my latest leave Farewell for ever;
I durst not runne away in honesty,
From such a Lady, like a boy that stole,

Or made some grievous fault; the powers of gods
Assist you in your sufferings, hasty time
Reveale the truth to your abused Lord,
And mine: That he may know your worth: whilst I
Go seeke out some forgotten place to die. *Exit Bell.*

Art. Peace guide thee th'art overthrowne me once,
Yet if I had another *Troy* to lose,
Thou or another villaine with thy lookes,
Might talke me out of it, and send me naked,
My haire dishevel'd through the fiery streets?

Enter a *Lady*.

La. Madam, the king would hunt, and calls for you
With earnestnesse, *Art.* I am in tune to hunt:
Diana if thou canst rage with a maid,
As with a man, let me discover thee
Bathing, and turne me to a fearefull Hinde,
That I may die pursu'd by cruell hounds,
And have my story written in my wounds. *Exeunt.*

Actus 4. Scena 1.

Enter *King*, *Pharamond*, *Arethusa*, *Galatea*, *Megra*, *Dion*, *Cleremont*, *Trasilin*, and attendants.

K. What are the hounds before, and all the woodmen?
Our horses ready, and our bowes bent. *Di.* All sir.
K. Y'are cloudy sir, come we have forgotten
Your veniall trespasse, let not that sit heavy
Upon your spirit, none dare utter it.
Di. He lookes like an old surfeited stallion after his leaping, dull as a dormouse: see how he sinks; the wench has shot him betweene wind and water, and I hope sprung a leak.
Tra. He needs no teaching, he strikes sure enough, his greatest fault is, he hunts too much in the purlues, would he would leave off poaching.
Di. And for his horne, has left it at the lodge where he lay late, Oh, hee's a precious lime-hound, turne him loose upon the pursuite of a Lady, and if he loose her, hang him up i'th slip. When my Foxbitch Beuty growes proud, I'le borrow him.
K. Is your boy turn'd away?

Art.

Art. You did command sir, and I obeyed you.

K. Tis wel done: Harke ye further.

Cle. Is't possible this fellow should repent? Me thinkes that were not noble in him: and yet he looks like a mortified member, as if he had a sick mans salve in's mouth. If a worse man had done this fault now, some physicall Justice or other, would presently (without the helpe of an Almanack) have opened the obstructions of his liver, and let him blood with a dog-whip.

Di. See, see, how modestly your Lady looks, as if she came from Churching with her neighbour; why, what a devil can a man see in her face, but that she's honest?

Pha. Troth no great matter to speak of, a foolish twinckling with the eye, that spoiles her coat; but he must be a cunning Herald that findes it.

Di. See how they muster one another! O there's a rank regiment where the devill carries the Colours, and his Dam Drum-major, Now the world and the flesh come behind with the Carriage.

Cle. Sure this Lady has a good nurse done her against her will: before she was common talke, now none dare say, Cantharides can stirre her, Her face looks like a warrant, willing and commanding all tongues, as they will answer it, to be tied up and bolted when this Lady means to let her selfe loose. As I live, she has got her a goodly protection, and a gracious; and may use her body discreetly, for her healths sake, once a week: excepting Lent and Dog-dayes: oh if they were to be got for money, what a great summe would come out of the City for these licenses?

K. To horse, to horse, we lose the morning Gentlemen. *Ex.*

Enter two Woodmen.

1 *Wood.* What have you lodged the Deere?

2 *Wood.* Yes, they are ready for the bow.

1 *Wood.* Who shoots? 2 *Wood.* The Princesse.

1 *Wood.* No shee'l hunt.

2 *Wood.* Shee'l take a stand I say.

1 *Wood.* Who else?

2 *Wood.* Why the young stranger Prince:

1 *Wood.* He shall shoot in a stone bow for me, I never lov'd his beyond-sea-ship, since he forsook the fay, for paying ten shillings: he was there at the fall of a Deere, and would needs (out of his mightinesse) give ten groats for the Dowcets; marry the steward would have had the velvet head into the bargain, to curl his hat withall:

withall: I thinke he ſhould love venery, he is an old ſir *Triſtrem*, for if you be remembred, he forſook the *Stagge* once, to ſtrike a raſcall milking in a medow, & her he kild in the eye. Who ſhoots elſe? 2 *Wood.* The Lady *Gallatea.*

1 *Wood.* That's a good wench, and ſhe would not chide us for tumbling of her women in the brakes. Shee's liberall, and by my Bow they ſay ſhee's honeſt, and whether that be a fault, I have nothing to do. There's all? 2 *Wood.* No, one more *Megra.*

1 *Wood.* That's a firket I faith boy; There's a wench will ride her haunces as hard after a kennel of hounds, as a hunting ſaddle; and when ſhe comes home, get um clapt, and all is well againe. I have known her loſe her ſelfe three times in one afternoon (if the woods had been anſwerable) and it has been worke enough for one man to finde her, and he has ſweat for it. She rides well, and ſhe payes well. Hark, let's go. *Exeunt.* Enter *Philaſter.*

Phi Oh, that I had been nouriſhed in theſe woods
With milke of Goats, and Akrons, and not known
The right of crownes, nor the diſſembling traines
Of womens looks; but dig'd my ſelfe a Cave,
Where I, my Fre, my Cattel, and my bed,
Might have been ſhut together in one ſhed;
And then had taken me ſome mountain girle,
Beaten with winds chaſt as the hardened rocks
Whereon ſhe dwels; that might have ſtrewed my bed
With leaves, and reeds, and with the skinnes of beaſts
Our neighbours; And have borne at her big breaſts
My large courſe iſſue. This had been a life free from vexation.

Enter *Bellario.*

Bell. Oh wicked men!
An innocent may walke ſafe among beaſts,
Nothing aſſaults me here. See, my griev'd Lord,
Sits as his ſoule were ſearching out a way,
To leave his body. Pardon me that muſt
Break thy laſt commandement; For I muſt ſpeake,
You that are griev'd can pitty; heare my Lord.

Phi. Is there a creature yet ſo miſerable,
That I can pitty? *Bell.* Oh my noble Lord,
View my ſtrange fortune: and beſtow on me,
According to your bounty (if my ſervice
Can merit nothing) ſo much as may ſerve

To keepe that little piece I hold of life
From cold and hunger. *Phi.* Is it thou? be gone:
Go sell those misbeseeming cloaths thou wear'st.
And feed thy selfe with them.
Bel. Alas, my Lord, I can get nothing for them:
The silly Country people think 'tis treason
To touch such gay things. *Phi.* Now by my life this is
Unkindly done, to vex me with thy sight,
Th'art false again to thy dissembling trade?
How should'st thou thinke to cozen me againe:
Remaines there yet a plague untride for me.
Even so thou wept'st and spok'st when first
I took thee up; curse on the time. If thy
Commanding teares can work on any other,
Use thy art, Ile not betray it. Which way
Wilt thou take, that I may shun thee,
For thine eyes are poyson to mine; and I
Am loth to grow in rage. This way, or that way?
Bel. Any will serve. But I will chuse to have
That path in chase that leads unto my grave.
Exit Phi. Bel. severally.
Enter *Dion and the Woodmen.*
Di. This is the strangest sudden change! You Woodman.
1 *Wood.* My Lord *Dion.*
Di. Saw you a Lady come this way, on a sable horse stubbed with with starres of white? 2 *Wood.* Was she not young and tall?
Di. Yes; Rode she to the wood, or to the plaine?
2 *Wood.* Faith my Lord we saw none. *Exit. Woodmen.*
Enter *Clermont.*
Di. Pox of your questions then. What, is she found?
Cle. Nor will be I thinke.
Di. Let him seeke his daughter himselfe; she cannot stray about a little necessary naturall businesse, but the whole Court must be in Armes; when she has done, we shall have peace.
Cle. Theres already a thousand fatherlesse tales amongst us; some say her horse run away with her: some a Wolfe persued her; others, it was a plot to kill her; and that armed men were seene in the Wood: but questionlesse, she rode away willingly.
Enter *King and Trasiline.*
K. Where is she? *Cle.* Sir, I cannot tell.

K. How

K. How is that? answer me so again, *Cle.* Sir, shall I lie?

K. Yes, lie and damn, rather than tell me that;
I say again, where is she? Mutter not;
Sir, speak you where is she? *Di.* Sir, I do not know.

K. Speak that again so boldly, and by heaven
It is thy last. You fellowes answer me,
Where is she? Mark me all, I am your King.
I wish to see my daughter, shew her me;
I do command you all, as you are subjects,
To shew her me, what am I not your King?
If I, then am I not to be obeyed?

Di. Yes, if you command things possible and honest.

K. Things possible and honest. Heare me, thou,
Thou traytor, that dar'st confine thy King to things
possible and honest; shew her me,
Or let me perish, if I cover not all *Cicily* with bloud.

Di. Indeed I cannot, unlesse you tel me where she is.

K. You have betray'd me, y'have let me lose
The Jewel of my life, go; bring her me,
And set her before me; tis the King
Will have it so, whose breath can still the winds,
Uncloud the Sunne, charme down the swelling Sea,
And stop the flouds of heaven; speak, can it not? *Di.* No.

K. No, Cannot the breath of Kings do this;

Di. No, nor smell sweet it selfe, if once the lungs
Be but corrupted. *K.* Is it so? Take heed.

Di. Sir, take you heed, how you dare the powers
That must be just. *K.* Alas, what are we Kings?
Why do you gods place us above the rest,
To be serv'd, flatter'd, and ador'd, till we
Believe we hold within our hands your thunder,
And when we come to try the power we have,
There's not a least shakes at our threatnings.
I have sinn'd tis true, and here stand to be punish'd,
Yet would not thus be punish'd let me chuse
My way and lay it on.

Di. He articles with the gods; would some body would draw bonds, for the performance of covenants betwixt them.

Enter *Pha. Galatea, and Megra.*

K. What, is she found? *Pha.* No, we have tane her horse.

He gallopt empty by: there's some reason,
You *Gallatea* rode with her into the wood, why left you her?
Gal. She did command me. *K.* Command! you should not.
Gal. T'would ill become my fortunes, and my birth
To disobey the daughter of my King.
K. Y'are all cunning! to obey us for our hurt,
But I will have her. *Pha.* If I have her not,
By this hand there shall be no more *Cicily*.
Di. What will he carry it to *Spaine* in's pocket?
Pha. I will not leave one man alive, but the King,
A Cook and a Taylor.
Di. Yet you may do well to spare your Ladies bed-fellow, and her you may keep for a Spawner.
K. I see the injuries I have done must be reveng'd.
Di. Sir, this is not the way to find her out.
K. Run all, disperse your selves: the man that finds her,
Or (if she be kild) the traytor, I'le make him great.
Di. I know some would give five thousand pounds to find her.
Pha. Come let us seek.
K. Each man a several way here I my selfe.
Di. Come Gentlemen we here.
Cle. Lady you must go search too,
Meg. I had rather be search'd my self. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter *Arethusa*.

Are. Where am I now? Feet find me out a way,
Without the counsell of my troubled head,
I'le follow you boldly about these woods,
O're mountains, thorow brambles, pits, and flouds:
Heaven I hope will ease me. I am sick.

Enter *Bellario*.

Bel. Yonder's my Lady; Heaven knows I want nothing,
Because I do not wish to live, yet I
Will try her charity. O heare, you that have plenty,
From that flowing store, drop some on dry ground, see,
The lively red is gone to guard her heart;
I fear she faints, Madam look up, she breaths not;
Open once more those rosie twins, and send
Unto my Lord, your latest farewell; Oh, he stirres:
How is it Ma'am? Speak comfort.
Are. 'Tis not gently done,

To.

To put me in a miserable life.
And hold me there, I pray thee let me go,
I shall do best without thee; I am well. Enter *Philaster*.
Phi. I am too blame to be so much in rage,
I'le tell her coolely, when and where, I heard
This killing truth. I will be temperate
In speaking, and as just in hearing.
Oh monstrous! Tempt me not you gods, good gods
Tempt not a fraile man, what's he, that has a heart,
But he must ease it here? *Bell.* My Lord, help, the Princesse.
Are. I am well, forbear.
Phi. Let me love lightening, let me be embrac'd
And kist by Scorpions, or adore the eyes
Of Basilisks, rather than trust to tongues
And shrink these veines up; stick me here a stone
Lasting to ages in the memory
Of this damned act. Heare me you wicked ones,
You have put the hils on fire into this breast,
Not to be quench'd with teares; for which may guilt
Sit on your bosomes, at your meales, and beds.
Despaire await you: what, before my face?
Poyson of Aspes be tween your lips; Diseases
Be your best issues; Nature make a curse
And throw it on you. *Are.* Dear *Philaster*, leave
To be enrag'd, and heare me. *Phi.* I have done;
Forgive my passion, not the calmed sea,
When *Eolus* locks up his windy brood,
Is lesse disturb'd than I, I'le make you know it.
Deare *Arethusa*, do but take this sword,
And search how temperate a heart I have;
Then you and this your boy, may live and raigne
In lust without controle; Wilt thou *Bellario*?
I prethee kill me; thou art poor, and maist
Nourish ambitious thoughts, when I am dead:
This way were freer; Am I raging now?
If I were mad I should desire to live,
Sirs, feel my pulse; whether have you known
A man in a more equal tune to die?
Bel. Alas my Lord, your pulse keeps madmans time,
So does your tongue. *Phi.* You will not kill me then?

Ar. Kill you? *Bell.* Not for a world.

Phi. I blame not thee, Bellario; thou haſt done but that, which gods
Would have transformed themſelves to do; be gone,
Leave me without reply, this is the laſt
Of all our meeting. Kill me with this ſword;
Be wiſe, or worſe will follow: we are two
Earth cannot bear at once. Reſolve to do, or ſuffer.

Are. If my fortune be ſo good to let me fall
Upon thy hand, I ſhall have peace in death.
Yet tell me this, will there be no ſlanders,
No jealouſies in the other world, no ill there? *Phi.* No,

Are. Shew me then the way. *Phi.* Then guide
My feeble hand, you that have power to do it,
For I muſt performe a peice of Juſtice. If your youth
Have any way offended heaven, let prayers
Short and effectual reconcile you to it,

Are. I am prepared. Enter a *Countrey fellow.*

Coun. I'le ſee the King if he be in the foreſt, I have hunted him theſe two hours; if I ſhould come home and not ſee him my ſiſters would laugh at me; I can ſee nothing but people better horſt than my ſelfe, that out rid me; I can hear nothing but ſhowting. Theſe Kings had need of good braines, this whooping is able to put a mean man out of his wits. There's a Courtier with his ſword drawn, by this hand upon a woman, I think.

Phi. Are you at peace? *Are.* With heaven and earth.

Phi. May they divide thy ſoul and body?

Coun. Hold daſtard, ſtrike a woman! th'art a craven I warrant thee, thou wouldeſt be loth to play halfe a dozen of venies at waſters with a good fellow for a broken head.

Phi. Leave us good friend.

Are. What ill bred man art thou, to intrude thy ſelfe
Upon our private ſports, our recreations.

Coun. God uds, I underſtand you not, but I know the rogue has hurt you. *Phi.* Purſue thy own affairs: it will be ill
To multiply bloud upon my head, which thou wilt force me to.

Coun. I know not your Rhetorick, but I can lay it on if you touch the woman. *they fight.*

Phi. Slave, take what thou deſerveſt.

Are. Heavens guard my Lord. *Coun.* Oh do you breath?

Phi. I hear the tread of people: I am hurt.
The gods take part against me, could this Boore
Have held me thus else? I must shift for life,
Though I do loath it. I would finde a course,
To lose it, rather by my will than force. *Exit Philaster.*

Conn. I cannot follow the rogue. I pray thee wench come and kisse me now.

Enter *Phara. Dion, Cle. Traſi. and Woodmen.*

Pha. What art thou?

Conn. Almoſt kild I am for a fooliſh woman, a knave has hurt her.

Pha. The Princeſſe Gentlemen! Where's the wound Madam? Is it dangerous? *Arr.* He has not hurt me.

Conn. I faith ſhe lies, has hurt her in the breaſt, look elſe.

Pha. O ſacred ſpring of innocent bloud.

Di. Tis above wonder! who ſhould dare this? *Arr.* I felt it not.

Pha. Speak villain, who has hurt the Princeſſe?

Conn. Is it the Princeſſe? *Di.* I.

Conn. Then I have ſeen ſomething yet.

Pha. But who has hurt her?

Conn. I told you a rogue I ne're ſaw him before, I.

Pha. Madam who did it?

Arr. Some diſhoneſt wretch, alas I know him not,
And do forgive him.

Conn. He's hurt too, he cannot go far, I made my fathers old fox flie about his eares. *Pha.* How will you have me kill him?

Arr. Not at all, tis ſome diſtracted fellow.

Pha. By this hand, Ile leave neer a peice of him bigger than a nut, and bring him all in my hat, *Arr.* Nay, good Sir,
If you do take him, bring him quick to me,
And I will ſtudy for a puniſhment,
Great as his fault. *Pha.* I will. *Arr.* But ſwear.

Pha. By all my love I will: Woodmen conduct the Princeſſe to the King, and bear that wounded fellow to dreſſing, Come Gentlemen, we'l follow the chaſe cloſe.

Exit Arr. Pha. Di. Cle. Tra. & 1 Woodman.

Conn. I pray you friend let me ſee the King:

2 *Wood* That you ſhall, and receive thanks. *Exeunt.*

Conn. If I get clear with this, I'le go to ſee no more gay ſights.

Enter *Bellario.*

Bell. A heavineſſe near death ſits on my brow,

And

And I muſt ſleep: Beare me thou gentle hand,
For ever if thou wilt: you ſweet ones all,
Let me unworthy preſſe you: I could wiſh
I rather were a Coarſe ſtrewed ore with you,
Than quick above you. Doubleſſe theſe are mine eyes,
And I am giddy, Oh that I could take
So ſound a ſleep, that I might never wake. Enter *Philaſter.*
Phi. I have done ill, my conſcience calls me falſe,
To ſtrike at her, that would not ſtrike at me:
When I did fight, my thought I heard her pray
The gods to guard me. She may be abus'd,
And I a loathed villaine: if ſhe be,
She will conceale who hurt her; He has wounds,
And cannot follow, neither knows he me.
Who's this? *Bellario* ſleeping? If thou breſt
Guilty, there is no juſtice that thy ſleep *cry within.*
Should be ſo ſound, and mine, whom thou haſt wrong'd,
So broken: Hark I am purſued: you gods
I'le take this offer'd meanes of my eſcape:
They have no mark to know me, but my wounds,
If ſhe be true, if falſe, let miſchief light
On all the world at once. Sword, print my wounds
Upon this ſleeping boy; I ha none I think
Are mortall, nor would I lay greater on thee. *wounds him.*
Bel. Oh death I hope is come, bleſt be that hand,
It meant me well; again, for pities ſake.
Phi. I have caught my ſelfe, *Phi. falls.*
The loſſe of bloud hath ſtayed my flight. Here, here
Is he that ſtroke thee: take thy full revenge,
Uſe me, as I did mean thee, worſe than death:
I'le teach thee to revenge this luckleſſe hand
Wounded the Princeſſe, tell my followers,
Thou didſt receive theſe hurts, in ſtaying me,
And I will ſecond thee: Get a reward.
Bell. Fly, fly my Lord and ſave your ſelfe. *Phi.* How's this?
Would'ſt thou I ſhould be ſafe? *Bell.* Elſe it were vaine
For me to live. Theſe little wounds I have,
Ha not bled much, reach me that noble hand,
Ile help to cover you. *Phi.* Art thou true to me?
Bell. Or let me periſh loath'd. Come my good Lord,

Creep

Creep in amongſt thoſe boſhes, who does know
But that the gods may ſave your (much lov'd) breath.
Phi. Then I ſhall die for griefe, if not for this,
That I have wounded thee: what wilt thou do?
Bell. Shift for my ſelfe well: peace, I hear um come.
Within. Follow, follow, follow; that way they went.
Bell. With my own wounds I'le bloudy my own ſword.
I need not counterfeit to fall, Heaven knows,
That I can ſtand no longer.

Enter *Pharamond, Dion, Cleremont, Thraſiline.*

Pha. To this place we have tract him by his bloud.
Cle. Yonder, my Lord, creeps one away.
Di. Stay ſir, what are you?
Bell. A wretched creature wounded in theſe woods
By beaſts; relieve me, if your names be men,
Or I ſhall periſh. *Di.* This is he my Lord,
Upon my ſoul that hurt her: tis the boy,
That wicked boy that ſerv'd her. *Pha.* O thou damn'd in thy creation!
What cauſe could'ſt thou ſhape to hurt the Princeſſe?
Bell. Then I am betrayed. *Di.* Betrayed; no, apprehended.
Bell. I confeſſe;
Urge it no more, that big with evil thoughts
I ſet upon her, and did take my time
Her death, For charity let fall at once
The puniſhment you meane, and do not load
This weary fleſh with tortures.
Pha. I will know who hire'd thee to this deed?
Bell. Mine own revenge. *Pha.* Revenge, for what?
Bell. It pleas'd her to receive
Me as her Page, and when my fortunes eb'd,
That men ſtrid o'er them careleſſly, ſhe did ſhowre
Her welcome graces on me, and did ſwell
My fortunes, till they overflowed their banks;
Threatning the men that croſt um, when as ſwift
As ſtormes ariſe at ſea, ſhe turn'd her eyes
To burning Sunnes upon me, and did dry
The ſtreames ſhe had beſtowed, leaving me worſe
And more contemn'd than other little brooks,
Becauſe I had been great: in ſhort, I knew
I could not live, and therefore did deſire

To-

To die reveng'd. *Pha.* If tortures can be found,
Long as thy natural life, resolve to feel
The utmost rigour. *Philaster creeps out of a bush.*
Cle. Help to lead him hence.
Phi. Turn back you ravishers of Innocence,
Know ye the price of that you bear away so rudely?
Pha. Who's that? *Di.* Tis the Lord *Philaster.*
Phi. Tis not the treasure of all Kings in one,
The wealth of *Tagus*, nor the rocks of pearl,
That pave the Court of *Neptune*, can weigh downe
That vertue. It was I as hurt the Princesse.
Place me, some god, upon a *Pyramis*,
Higher than hills of earth, and lend a voice
Loud as your thunder to me, that from thence,
I may discourse to all the under-world,
The worth that dwels in him. *Pha.* How's this?
Bell. My Lord, someman
Weary of life, that would be glad to die.
Phi. Leave these untimely courtesies *Bellario.*
Bell. Alas he is mad, come will you lead me on?
Phi. By all the oathes that men ought most to keep:
And gods do punish most, when men do break,
He toucht her not. Take heed *Bellario*,
How thou dost drown the vertues thou hast shown
With perjury. By all that's good twas I.
You know she stood betwixt me and my right.
Pha. Thy own tongue be thy Judge. *Cle.* It was *Philaster.*
Di. Ist not a brave boy?
Well Sirs, I fear me we were all deceived.
Phi. Have I no friend here? *Di.* Yes.
Phi. Then shew it;
Some good body lend a hand to draw us neerer.
Would you have teares shed for you when you die?
Then lay me gently on his neck that there
I may weep flouds, and breath out my spirit:
Tis not the wealth of *Pluto* nor the gold,
Lockt in the heart of earth, can buy away
This arm-full from me, this had been a ransom
To have redeem'd the great *Augustus Cæsar*,
Had he been taken, you hard-hearted men,

More ſtony then theſe Mountains, can you ſee
Such clear pure blood drop, and not cut your fleſh
To ſtop his life? To bind whoſe better wounds,
Queens ought to tear their hair, and with their teares
Bath um. Forgive me, thou that art the wealth of poor *Philaſter.*

Enter *King, Arethuſa, and a guard.* *K.* Is the villaine tane?

Pha. Sir, here be two, confeſſe the deed, but ſay it was *Philaſter.*

Phi. Queſtion it no more, it was.

K. The fellow that did fight with him will tell us.

Are. Ay me, I know he will. *K.* Did not you know him?

Are. Sir, if it was he, he was diſguiſed.

Phi. I was ſo, Oh my ſtars! that I ſhould live ſtill.

K. Thou ambitious fool,
Thou that haſt laid a traine for thy own life;
Now I do mean to do, I'le leave to talk, bear him to priſon.

Are. Sir, they did plot together to take heoce
This harmleſſe life; ſhould it paſſe unreveng'd,
I ſhould to earth go weeping: grant me then,
(By all the love a father bears his child)
Their cuſtodies, and that I may appoint
Their tortures and their death.

Di. Death? ſoft, our law will not reach that, for this fault.

K. Tis granted, take um to you, with a guard.
Come Princely *Pharamond*, this buſineſſe paſt,
We may with more ſecurity, go on to your intended match. (ple.

Cle. I pray that this action loſe not *Phil.* the hearts of the peo-

Di. Fear it not, their overwiſe heads will think it but a trick.

Finis Actus quarti. *Exeunt omnes.*

Actus quintus. Scæna prima.

Enter *Dion, Clermond, and Traſiline.*

Tra. Has the King ſent for him to death?

Di. Yes, but the King muſt know, ti's not in his power to war with heaven.

Cle. We linger time, the King ſent for *Philaſter* and the headman an hour ago. *Tra.* Are all his wounds well?

Di. All they were but ſcratches, but the loſſe of blood made him faint. *Cle.* We dally Gentlemen. *Tra.* Away.

Di. Wee'l ſcuffle hard before he periſh. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Philaster, Arethusa, Bellario.*

Are. Nay dear *Philaster* grieve not, we are well.

Bell. Nay good my Lord forbeare, we are wondrous well.

Phi Oh *Arethusa!* O *Bellario!* leave to be kind:
I shall be shorter om heaven, as now from earth,
If you continue so, I am a man,
False to a pair of the most trusty ones
That ever earth bore, can it bear us all?
Forgive and leave me, but the King hath sent
To call me to my death, oh shew it me,
And then forget me: And for thee my boy,
I shall deliver words will mollifie
The hearts of beasts, to spare thy innocence.

Bell. Alas my Lord, my life is not a thing
Worthy your noble thoughts; tis not a life,
Tis but a peice of child-hood thrown away:
Should I out-live, I should then out-live
Vertue and honour. And when th t day comes,
If ever I shall close these eyes but once,
May I live spotted for my perjury,
And waste my limbs to nothing.

Are. And I (the woful'st maid as ever was.
Forc'd with my hands to bring my Lo.d to death)
Do by the honour of a Virgin swear,
To tell no hours beyond it. *Phi.* Make me not hated so,

Are. Come from this prison, all joyfull to our deaths.

Phi. People will teare me when they finde you true
To such a wretch as I; I shall die loath'd.
Injoy your Kingdomes peaceably, whil'st I
For ever sleep forgotten with my faults,
Eve y just servant, every maid in love
Will have a peice of me if you be true.

Are. My dear Lord say not so. *Bell.* A piece of you?
He was not borne of women that can cut it and look on.

Phi. Take me in teares betwixt you,
For my heart will break with shame and sorrow.

Are. Why tis well. *Bell.* Lament no more.

Phi. What would you have done
If you had wrong'd me basely, and had found
My life no price, compar'd to yours? For love Sirs,

Do

Deal with me truly.

Bel. Twas mistaken, sir: *Phi.* Why if it were.

Bel. Then sir we would have ask'd you pardon.

Phi. And have hope to enjoy it? *Arc.* Injoy it? I.

Phi. Would you indeed? be plain. *Bel.* We would my Lord.

Phi. Forgive me then. *Arc.* So, so.

Bel. Tis as it should be now. *Phi.* Lead to my death. *Exeunt.*

Enter *King, Dion, Cleremond, Trasiline.*

K. Gentlemen, who saw the Prince?

Cle. So please you sir, he's gone to see the City,
And the new platforme, with some Gentlemen
Attending on him. *K.* Is the Princesse ready
To bring her prisoner out? *Tra.* She waits your Grace.

K. Tell her we stay.

Di. King, you may be deceiv'd yet.
The head you aime at cost more setting on
Then to be lost so slightly: If it must off
Like a wild overflow, that scoops before him
A golden Stack, and with it shakes down Bridges,
Cracks the strong hearts of *Pines*, whose cable roots
Held out a thousand storms, a thousand thunders,
And so made mightier, takes whole villages
Upon his back, and in that heat of pride,
Charges strong Townes, Towers, Castles, Pallaces,
And layes them desolate: so shall thy head,
Thy noble head, bury the lives of thousands
That must bleed with thee like a sacrifice,
In thy red ruines.

Enter Philaster, Arethusa, Bellario in a robe and Garland.

K. How now, what Mask is this?

Bel. Right royall sir, I should
Sing you an Epithalamium of these lovers,
But having lost my best ayres with my fortunes,
And wanting a celestiall harp to strike
This blessed union on; thus in glad story
I give you all. These two fair Cedar branches,
The noblest of the Mountain, where they grew
Straightest and tallest, under whose still shades
The worthier beasts have made their layers, and slept
Free from the *Syrian* Star, and the fell thunder-stroke,

Free from the Clouds, when they were big with humour,
And deliverd in thousand spouts, their issues to the earth:
O there was none but silent quiet there!
Till never pleas'd fortune, shot up shrubs,
Base under brambles to divorce these branches,
And for a while they did so, and did raign
Over the Mountaine, and choakt up his beauty,
With Brakes, rude Thornes and Thistles, till thy Sun
Scorcht them even to the roots, and dried them there:
And now a gentle gale hath blown again
That made these branches meet, and twine together,
Never to be divided: The god that sings
His holy numbers over marriage beds,
Hath knit their noble hearts, and here they stand
Your children mighty King, and I have done. *K.* How, how.

Are. Sir, if you love it in plain truth.
For there is no masking in't, This Gentleman
The prisoner that you gave me is become
My keeper, and through all, the bitter throwes
Your jealousies, and his ill fate have wrought him,
Thus nobly hath he strangled, and at length
Arriv'd here my dear husband.

K. Your dear husband, call in
The Captain of the Cittadell; There you shall keep
Your wedding. I'le provide a Masque shall make
Your Hymen turn his safforn into a sullen coat
And sing sad Requiems to your departing sou's:
Blood shall put out your Torches, and instead
Of gaudy flowers about your wanton necks,
An ax shall hang like a prodigious Meteor
Ready to crop your loves sweets. Heare you gods:
From this time do I shake all title off,
Of Father to this woman, this base woman,
And what there is of vengeance, in a Lion
Cast amongst dogs, or rob'd of his deare young,
The same inforc't more terrible, more mighty,
Expect from me. *Are.* Sir,
By that little life I have left to swear by,
There's nothing that can stirre me from my selfe.
What I have done, I have done without repentance,

For death can be no Bug-bear unto me,
So long as *Pharamond* is not my heads-man.
Di. Sweet peace upon thy soul, thou worthy maid
VVhen ere thou dyest; for this time I'le excuse thee,
Or be thy Prologue. *Phi.* Sir, let me speak next,
And let my dying words be better with you
Than my dull living actions, if you aime
At the deare life of this sweet Innocent,
Y'are a Tyrant, and a savage Monster,
Your memory shall be as foul behind you
As you are living, all your better deeds
Shall be in water writ, but this in Marble:
No Chronicle shall speak you, though your own,
But for the shame of men, No Monument
(Though high and big as *Pelion*) shall be able
To cover this base murther, make it rich
VVith Brasse, with purest Gold, and shining Jasper,
Like the Pyramides, lay on Epitaphs,
Such as make great men gods; my little marble
(That onely cloaths my ashes, not my faults)
Shall farre out shine it: And for after issues
Thinke not so madly of the heavenly wisedomes,
That they will give you more, for your mad rage
To cut off; unlesse it be some snake, or something
Like your selfe, that in his birth shall strangle you.
Remember my father King, there was a fault,
But I forgive it: let that sin perswade you
To love this Lady. If you have a soule,
Thinke, save her, and be saved, for my selfe,
I have so long expected this glad houre.
So languisht under you, and daily withered,
That heaven knows it is my joy to dye,
I find a recreation in't

Enter a messenger.

Mess. VVhere's the King? *K.* Here.
Mess. Get you to your strength,
And rescue the Prince *Pharamond* from danger,
Hee's taken prisoner by the Citizens,
Fearing the Lord *Philaster*. *Di.* Oh brave followers;
Muteny, my fine dear Country-men, muteny,

Now

Now my brave valiant foremen, ſhew your weapons,
In honour of your Miſtreſſes. Enter *another Meſſenger.*

Meſſ. Arme, arme, arme. *K.* A thouſand devils take um.

Di. A thouſand Bleſſings on um.

Meſſ. Arme O King, the City is in mutiny,
Led by an old gray Ruffin, who comes on
In reſcue of the Lord *Philaſter.* *Exit with Arm. Phi. Bell.*

K. Away to the Cittadell, I'le ſee them ſafe,
And then cope with theſe Burgers: Let the guard
And all the Gentlemen give ſtrong attendance. *Exit. King.*

Manent Dion, Cleremond, Traſiline.

Cle. The City up, this was above our wiſhes.

Di. I and the marriage too; by my life,
This noble Lady has deceiv'd us all, a plague upon my ſelf, a thouſand plagues, for having ſuch unworthy thoughts of her dear honour: O I could beat my ſelfe, or do you beat me and I'le beat you, for we had all one thought. *Cle.* No, no, will but loſe time.

Di. You ſay true, are your ſwords ſharp? Well my dear Countreymen, what ye lack, if you continue and fall not back upon the firſt broken ſhin, I'le have you chronicled, and chronicled, and cut and chronicled and all to be prais'd, and ſung in ſonnets, & bath'd in new brave Ballads, that all tongues ſhall trouble you *in Secula Seculorum* my kind Cam-carriers.

Tra What if a toy take um th'heels now, and they run all away, and cry the Devill take the hindmoſt.

Di. Then the ſame devill take the foremoſt too, & ſowce him for his breakfaſt; if they all prove Cowards, my curſes fly among them and be ſpeeding May they have Murreins raign to keep the gentlemen at home unbound in eaſie freez: May the moths branch their Velvets, and their Silkes only be worne before ſore eyes. May their falſe lights undo um, and diſcover preſſes, holes, ſtains, and oldneſſe in their Stuffes, and make them ſhoprid: May they keep Whores and horſes, and break; and live mued up with necks of Beef and Turnups: May they have many children, and none like the Father: May they know no language but that gibberiſh they prattle to their Parcells, unleſſe it be the goatiſh Latine they write in their bonds, and may they write that falſe, and loſe their debts.

Enter the King.

K. Now the vengeance of all the gods confonnd them, how they ſwarm together! what a hum they raiſe! Devils choak your wilde

throats

throats; if a man had need to uſe their valours, he muſt pay a Brokage for it, and then bring um on, they will fight like ſheep. Tis *Philaſter*, none but *Philaſter* muſt allay this heat: They will not hear me ſpeak, but fling durt at me, and call me Tyrant. Oh run dear friend, and bring the Lord *Philaſter*: ſpeak him faire, call him Prince, do him all the courteſie you can, commend me to him. Oh my wits, my wits! *Exit Clermond.*

Di. Oh my brave Countreymen! as I live, I will not buy a pin out of your walls for this; Nay, you ſhall cozen me, and I'le thank you; and ſend you Brawn and Bacon, and ſoile you every long vacation a brace of foremen, that at *Michaelmas* ſhall come up fat and kicking.

K. What they will do with this poore Prince, the gods know, and I feare.

Di. Why *Sir:* they'l flea him, and make Church Buckets on's skin to ſquench rebellion, then clap a rivet in's ſconce, and hang him up for a ſigne. *Enter Clermond with Philaſter.*

K. O worthy ſir forgive me, do not make
Your miſeries and my faults meet together,
To bring a greater danger. Be your ſelfe,
Still ſound amongſt diſeaſes, I have wrong'd you,
And though I finde it laſt, and beaten to it,
Let firſt your goodneſſe know it. Calme the people,
And be what you were borne to: take your love,
And with her my repentance, and my wiſhes,
And all my prayers, by the gods my heart ſpeaks this:
And if the leaſt fall from me not perform'd,
May I be ſtrook with thunder. *Phi.* Mighty *Sir*,
I will not do your greatneſſe ſo much wrong.
As not to make your word truth; free the Princeſſe,
And the poor boy, and let me ſtand the ſhock
Of this mad ſea breach, which I'le either turne
Or periſh with it. *K.* Let your own word free them.
Phi Then thus I take my leave kiſſing your hand,
And hanging on your royall word: be Kingly,
And be not moved Sir, I ſhall bring your peace,
Or never bring my ſelf back.
K. All the gods go with thee. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter an old Captain and Citizens with Pharamond.

Cap. Come my brave Myrmidons, let's fall on, let our caps

Swarme

Swarme my boyes, and you nimble tongues forget your mothers
Gib-rish, of what do you lack, and set your mouths
Up Children, till your Pallats fall frighted halfe a
Fathome, past the cure of Bay-salt and grosse pepper,
And then cry *Philaster*, brave *Philaster*,
Let *Philaster* be deeper in request. My ding dongs,
My paires of dear Indentures, King of Clubs,
Then your cold water Chamblets or your paintings
Spitted with Copper, let not your hasty Silkes,
Or your branch'd Cloth of Bodkin, or your Tissues,
Dearly belov'd of spiced Cake and Custard.
Your Robin-hoods searlets and Johns, tie your affections
In darknesse to your shops, no dainty Duckers
Up with your three pil'd spirits, your wrought valours.
And let your uncut Coller make the King feele
The measure of your mightinesse *Philaster*.
Cry my Rose nobles, cry. *All. Philaster, Philaster.*

Cap. How do you like this my Lord Prince, these are mad boys,
I tell you, these are things that will not strike their top-sayles
To a Foist. And let a man of war, An argosie bull and cry Cockels,

Pha. Why you rude slave, do you know what you do?

Cap. My Pretty Prince of Puppets, we do know
And give your greatnesse warning, that you talk
No more such Bugs-words, or that soldred Crown
Shall be scratch'd with a Musket: Dear Prince Pippen,
Down with your noble bloud, or as I live,
I'le have you codled: let him lose my spirits,
Make us a round Ring with your Bills my Hectors,
And let us see what this trim man dares do,
Now sir, have at you, here I it,
And with this swashing blow, do you swear prince,
I could hulke your grace, and hang you up crosse-leg'd,
Like a Hare at a Poulters, and do this with this wiper.

Pha. You will not see me murdred wicked Villaines?

1 *Ci.* Yes indeed wil we sir, we have not seen one foe a great while

Capt. He would have weapons would he? give him a broad side my brave boyes with your pikes, branch me his skin in Flowers like a Satin, and between every Flower a mortall cut, your Royalty shall ravell, jag him Gentlemen I'le have him cut to the kell, then down the seames, oh for a whip

To

To make him galoone Laces,
I'le have a Coach-whip, *Phi.* O ſpare me Gentlemen.
Cap. Hold, hold, the man begins to fear and know himſelf,
He ſhall for this time onely be ſeal'd up
With a Feather through his noſe, that he may onely ſee
Heaven and think whither hee's going,
Nay beyond-Sea ſir, we will proclaim you, you would be King
Thou tender Heire apparent to a Church-ale,
Thou ſleight Prince of ſingle ſcarcenet;
Thou royall Ring taile, fit to fly at nothing
But poor mens Poultry, and have every Boy
Beat thee rom that too with his Bread and Butter.
Pha. Gods keep me from theſe Hell-hounds
2 *Cit.* Shall's geld him Captain?
Cap. No, you ſhall ſpare his dowcets my dear Donſells,
As you reſpect the Ladies let them flouriſh;
The curſes of a longing woman kils as ſpeedy as a plague, Boys.
1 *Cit.* I'le have a leg that's certain. 2 *Cit.* I'le have an arme.
3 *Cit.* I'le have his noſe, & at mine own charge build a Colledge, and clap't upon the gate.
4 *Cit.* Ile have his little gut to ſtring a Kit with,
For certainly a royall Gut will ſoundlik ſilver.
Pha. Would they were in thy belly, and I paſt my pain once.
5 *Cit.* Good Captain let me have his Liver to feed Ferrets.
Cap. Who will have parcels elſe? ſpeak
Pha. Good gods conſider me, I ſhall be torture'd.
1 *Cit.* Captain I'le give you the trimming of your hand-ſword, and let me have his skin to make falſe Scabbards.
2 *Cit.* He had no hornes ſir had he?
Cap. No ſir, hee's a pollard, what would'ſt thou do with horns
2 *Cit.* O if he had, I would have made rare Hafts and Whiſtles of um, but his ſhin bones if they be ſound ſhall ſerve me.

Enter Philaſter.

All. Long live *Philaſter*, the brave Prince *Philaſter*,
Phi. I thank you Gentlemen, but why are theſe
Rude weapons brought abroad, to teach your hands
Uncivill trades? *Cap.* My royall Roſiclear,
We are thy Mimidons, thy Guard, thy Rorers,
Andwhen thy noble body is in durance,
Thus do we clap our muſty Murrions on,

And trace the streets in terrour; Is it peace
Thou *Mars* of men? Is the King sociable,
And bids thee livue Art thou above thy foemen,
And free as *Phœbus*? Speake, if not, this stand
Of royall blood shall be a broach, ai l, and run
Even to the lees of honour.

Phi. Hold and be satisfied, I am my selfe,
Free as my thoughts are by the gods I am.

Cap. Art thou the dainty darling of the King?
Art thou the Hylas to our Hercules?
Do the Lords bow, and the regarded scarlets,
Kisse their Gumd gols, and cry, we are your servants?
Is the Court Navigable, and the presence struck
With Flags of friendship? if not, we are thy Castle
And this man sleeps.

Phi. I am what I do desire to be, your friend,
I am what I was borne to be, your Prince.

Pha. Sir, there is some humanity in you,
You have a noble soul, forget my name,
And know my misery, set me safe aboord
From these wilde *Canibals*, and as I live,
I'le quit this Land for ever: there is nothing
perpetuall prisonment, cold, hunger, sicknesse,
Of all sorts, of all dangers, and altogether
The worst company of the worst men, madnesse, age
To be as many Creatures as a woman,
And do as all they do, nay to dispaire;
But I would rather make it a new Nature,
And live with all those then endure one hour
Amongst these wild dogs.

Phi. I do pitty you: Friends discharge your fears,
Deliver me the Prince, I'le warrant you
I shall be old enough to find my safety.

3 *Cit.* Good sir take heed he does not hurt you,
Hee's a fierce man I can tell you Sir.

Capt. Prince, by your leave, I'le have a surfingle,
And male you like a hawke. *He stirres.*

Phi. A way, a way, there is no danger in him:
Alas he had rather sleep to shake his fit off,
Looke your friends, how gently he leads, upon my word

Hee's

Hee's tame enough, he need no further watching.
Good my friends go to your houſes &by me have your pardons,
and my love,
And know there ſhall be nothing in my power
You may deſerve, but you ſhall have your wiſhes.
To give you more thankes were to flatter you,
Continue ſtill your love, and for an earneſt
Drink this. *All.* Long maiſt thou live brave prince, brave prince,
brave prince. *Exit Philaſter and Pharamond.*

Cap. Thou art the King of Courteſie:
Fall off again my ſweet youths, come and every man
Trace to his houſe again, and hang his pewter up, then to
The Tavern and bring your wifes in Muffes we will have
Muſick and the red grape ſhall make us dance, and riſe Boys. *Ex.*
Enter King, Arthuſa, Gallatea, Megra, Cleremond, Dion, Traſiline, Bellario, and attendants.

K. Is it appeas'd? *Di.* Sir, all is quiet as this dead of night,
As peaceable as ſleep, my Lord *Philaſter*,
Brings on the prince himſelfe. *K.* Kind Gentlemen!
I will not break the leaſt word I have given
In promiſe to him, I have heap'd a world
Of grief upon his head, which yet I hope
To waſh away.

Enter Philaſter and Pharamond.

Cle. My Lord is come. *K.* My ſonne!
Bleſt be the time that I have leave to call
Such vertue mine; now thou art in mine armes,
Me thinkes I have a ſalve unto my breſt
For all the ſtings that dwell there, ſtreames of grief
That I have wrought thee, and as much of joy
That I repent it, iſſue from mine eyes:
Let them appeaſe thee, take thy right, take her,
She is thy right too, and forget to urge
My vexed ſoul with that I did before.

Phi. Sir, it is blotted from my memory,
Paſt and forgotten: For you Prince of *Spaine*,
Whom I have thus redeem'd, you have full leave
To make an honourable voyage home.
And if you would go furniſh'd to your Realme
With fair proviſion, I do ſee a Lady

Me thinkes would gladly bear you company:
How like you this piece? *Meg*. Sir, he likes it well,
For he hath tried it, and found it worth
His princely liking; we were tane a bed,
I know your meaning, I am not the first
That nature taught to seek a fellow forth:
Can shame remain perpetually in me,
And not in others? or have Princes salves
To cure ill names that meaner people want. *Phi*. What mean you?
Meg. You must get another ship
To clear the Princesse and the boy together. *Di*. How now!
Meg. Others took me, and I took her and him
At that all women may be tane sometimes:
Ship us all four my Lord, we can indure
Weather and wind alike.
K. Clear thou thy self, or know not me for father
Are. This earth, How false it is? what meanes is left for me
To clear my selfe? It lies in your belief,
My Lords believe me, and let all things else
Struggle together to dishonour me.
Bel. O stop your eares great King, that I may speak
As freedome would, then I will call this Lady
As base as be her actions, hear me sir,
Believe your hated bloud when it rebels
Against your reason sooner then this Lady.
Meg. By this good light he bears it handsomely
Phi. This Lady? I will sooner trust the wind
With Feathers, or the troubled Sea with pearle,
Then her with any thing, believe her not!
Why think you, if I did believe her words,
I would outlive um: honour cannot take
Revenge on you, then what were to be known
But death? *K*. Forget her sir, since all is knit
Between us: but I must request of you
One favour, and will sadly be denied.
Phi. Command what ere it be.
K. Swear to be true to what you promise.
Phi. By the powers above,
Let it not be hedeath of her or him,
And it is granted. *K*. Bear away that boy

To torture, I will have her clear'd or buried.
Phi. O let me call my words back, worthy ſir,
Aſk ſomething elſe, bury my life and rig
In one poor grave, but do not take away my life and fame at once.
K. Away with him, it ſtands irrevocable.
Phi. Turn all your eyes on me, here ſtands a man
The falſeſt and the baſeſt of this world:
Set ſwords againſt this breaſt ſome honeſt man,
For I have liv'd till I am pitied,
My former deeds are hatefull, but this laſt
Is pitifull, for I unwillingly
Have given the dear preſerver of my life
Unto his torture: is it in the power *Offers to kill himſelfe.*
Of fleſh and blood, to carry this and live?
Arc. Dear ſir be patient yet: or ſtay that hand. *K.* Sirs ſtrip that boy
Di. Come ſir, your tender fleſh will trie your conſtancie.
Bell. O kill me Gentlemen. *Di.* No, help ſirs.
Bell. Will you torture me? *K.* Haſt there, why ſtay you?
Bell. Then I ſhall not break my vow,
You know juſt Gods though *I* diſcover all.
K. Hows that? will he confeſſe? *Di.* Sir, ſo he ſayes.
K. Speak then. *Bell.* Great King is you command
This Lord to talke with me alone, my tongue
Urg'd by my heart, ſhall utter all the thoughts
My youth hath known, and ſtranger things then theſe
You hear not often. *K.* Walke aſide with him.
Di. Why ſpeak'ſt thou not? *Bel.* Know you this face my Lord?
Di. No. *Bel.* Have you not ſeene it, nor the like
Di. Yes, I have ſeen the like, but readily
I know not where. *Bel.* I have been often told
In Court, of one *Euphraſia*, a Lady
And Daughter to you, betwixt whom and me
(They that would flatter my bad face would ſwear)
There was ſuch ſtrange reſemblance, that we two
Could not be known aſunder, dreſt alike.
Di. By heaven and ſo there is. *Bel.* For her fair ſake
Who now doth ſpend the ſpring time of her life
In holy Pilgrimage, move to the King,
That I may ſcape this torture. *Di.* But thou ſpeak'ſt
As like *Euphraſia* as thou doſt look,

How came it to thy knowledge that she lives in Pilgrimage?

Bel. I know it not my Lord,
But I have heard it, and do scarce believe it.

Di. Oh my shame, is it possible? Draw near,
That I may gaze upon thee, art thou she.
Or else her murderer? where wert thou born? *Bel.* In *Siracusa*.

Di. What's thy name? *Bell Enphrasia.* (died

Di. O tis just, tis she now I do know thee, oh that thou hadst
And I had never seen thee nor my shame,
How shall I own thee? shall this tongue of mine
Ere call thee Daughter more?

Bell. Would I had died indeed, I wish it too,
And so I must have done by vow, ere published
What I have told, but that there was no meanes
To hide it longer. yet I joy in this,
The Princesse is all clear. *K.* What have you done?

Di. All is discovered. *Phi.* Why then hold you me,

Di. All is discovered, pray you let me go. *He offers to stab*

K. Stay him. *Are.* What is discovered? *himself*

Di. Why my shame, it is a woman, let her speak the rest.

Phi. How! that again. *Di.* It is a woman.

Ph. Blest be you powers that favour innocence.

K. Lay hold upon that Lady.

Phi. It is a woman Sir, hark Gentlemen.
It is a woman. *Arethusa* take
My soul into thy breast, that would be gone
With joy: it is a woman thou art fair,
And vertuous still to ages, in despight of malice.

K. Speak you, where lies his shame? *Bel.* I am his Daughter.

Phi. The gods are just. *Di.* I dare accuse none, but before you two
The vertue of our age, I bend my knee
For mercy. *Phi.* Take it freely, for I know,
Though what thou didst were undiscreetly done,
Twas meant well. *Are.* And for me,
I have a power to pardon sinnes as oft
As any man has power to wrong me.

Cle. Noble and worthy. *Phi.* But *Bellario*,
(For I must call thee still so) tell me why
Thou didst conceale thy sex, it was a fault,
A fault *Bellario*, though thy other deeds

Of

Of truth out weigh'd it: All theſe Jealonſies
Had flown to nothing, if thou hadſt diſcovered,
What now we know. *Bell.* My father would oft ſpeak
Your worth and vertue, and as I did grow
More and more apprehenſive, I did thirſt
To ſee the man ſo raiſ'd, but yet all this
Was but a Maiden longing to be loſt
As ſoon as found, till ſitting in my window,
Printing my thoughts in Lawne, *I* ſaw a god
I thought (but it was you) enter our gates,
My blood flew out, and back again as faſt
As I had puft it forth, and ſuckt it in
Like breath, then was I cald away in haſt
To entertain you. Never was a man
Heav'd from a ſheep-coat, to a ſcepter raiſ'd
So high in thoughts as *I*, you left a kiſſe
Upon theſe lips then, which I mean to keep
From you for ever, I did hear you talk
Far above ſinging; after you were gone,
I grew acquainted with my heart, and ſearch'd
What ſtir'd it ſo, alas I found it love,
Yet farre from luſt, for could I have but liv'd
In preſence of you, *I* had had my end,
For this *I* did delude my noble Father
With a feign'd Pilgrimage, and dreſt my ſelfe
In habit of a boy, and for *I* knew
My birth no match for you, *I* was paſt hope
Of having you. And underſtanding well,
That when *I* made diſcovery of my ſex,
I could not ſtay with you, *I* made a vow
By all the moſt religious things a Maid
Could call together, never to be known,
Whilſt there was hope to hide me from mens eyes,
For other then I ſeem'd, that I might ever
Abide with you, then ſate I by the Fount
Where firſt you took me up. *K.* Search out a match
Within our Kingdome where and when thou wilt
And I will pay thy dowry, and thy ſelfe
Wilt well deſerve him. *Bell.* Never ſir will I
Marry, it is a thing within my vow,

But if I may have [illegible] to serve the Princesse,
To see [illegible] Lord and her,
I shall have hope to live. *Arg.* I *Philaster*,
Cannot be jealous, though you had a Lady
Drest [illegible] to serve you, nor will I
Suspect [illegible] come live with me,
Live [illegible] that loves my Lord,
Curse [illegible] her.
Phi. I [illegible] should be said in earth
Without [illegible] the [illegible] royall Father,
Wrong [illegible] of our souls so much,
To think to take [illegible] that base woman,
Her [illegible] cannot [illegible] her free
As she was born, saving from shame and sinne.
K. Set her at liberty, but leave the Court,
This is no place for such, you *Philaster*
Shall have free passage, and a conduct home
Worthy so great a Prince, when you come there,
Remember twas your faults that lost you her,
And not my purpos'd will. *Pha.* I do confesse,
Reasoned sir.
K. Let joyn your hands in one, enjoy *Philaster*
This Kingdom, which is yours, and after me
Whatever I can [illegible], my blessing on you,
All happy hours be at your marriage joyes,
That [illegible] over all lands,
[illegible] to see your [illegible] branches spring,
Where ever there is Sonne, let Princes learn
By this to rule the passions of their blood,
For what's [illegible] can never be [illegible].

[illegible]

FINIS